



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 9

January 2011

Special Features This Issue
"Raid Poland – The Sign of the Cat
Dreams Realized at Boatbuilder Gathering
Bringing Home the Friendship Sloop *Old Baldy*
Cornish Sailing Craft – Standup Canoeing



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A year ago I commented on this page on my 2009 outings kayaking with friend Charlie, discussing the special circumstances (due to Charlie's disability and my age) which affect what we do afloat on area flatwater streams and ponds. At that time we were looking forward to another good year exploring undemanding small waters. It turned out to be a good year, but ended a bit prematurely when Charlie became afflicted with a serious skin sore that prevented him from further engaging in paddling a kayak or pedaling our tandem trike/bike.

While waiting for the slow healing process (paralyzed tissue does not heal quickly) to take place, we were looking at several weeks in late October and into November when we'd normally be out paddling (or pedaling) during which we'd need some useful activity.

Since Charlie could still drive and operate his wheelchair, we decided to hit the back roads within a couple of hours of our respective homes (60 miles apart) in areas where lesser known streams and ponds were to be found. Preliminary to each outing we spent some time with the Delorme Atlas of topo maps of the chosen area and then had a follow up look on Google Earth to see what might be found. A check of the Massachusetts Fish & Game directory of launching sites (both trailer and cartop boats) revealed that there were not many. They were, as one would expect, concentrated on the more popular bodies of water patronized by fishermen. The more remote potential waterways that we were looking for to expand our opportunities would have to be looked at in person to see if access would be possible for a wheelchair paddler.

One of our regularly paddled rivers, the Nashua, is large enough and long enough to have several access points and flows through some really nice open country. It is periodically interrupted by dams from long gone water powered industries, creating what is in effect a series of long narrow lakes. Looking at several subsidiary streams feeding into the Nashua we noted one just downstream from the dam at East Pepperell, as far downstream as we had progressed so far on the Nashua.

So an early choice for a look-see was the Nissitissit River, which flowed into the Nashua a half-mile downstream from the dam just outside of East Pepperell. We Googled the river and found it to be a part of the Nashua River Watershed area. It was just under ten miles long and its headwaters in nearby New Hampshire was at promising looking Lake Potanipo. A user report on the website suggested a good access point and spoke highly of the ambience of the small

river, including flowing through an extended conservation area. The only obstacles encountered were fallen trees partially blocking the way. This sounded promising.

To check it out I mapped a back road route that followed along the river and connected with the half-dozen side roads crossing over where we could look at river conditions and possible access. We started at the downstream end and proceeded north into New Hampshire through rural countryside. Right off near East Pepperell we saw from the bridge an old dam upstream on private property. That would be the downstream end of any outing. As we progressed upstream each crossing revealed a navigable looking stream with no rapids in sight. A couple of crossings offered some possibility of access down quite steep gravelly bankings that would require using our winching system to get Charlie to the water.

When we reached the road crossing the reporter had suggested as a good access point, we were pleased to see that it also was good access for us, so now we knew could get into the water at least at one point, about two miles below the headwater lake. Following on upstream to two more road crossings we found the river still promising, though narrowing and with a few riffles. Then we arrived at Lake Potanipo and it was a pleasant surprise, with a big gravel parking lot and easy launching. The scenic lake had tree-lined shores without shoreline habitations. A dam held back the lake but the water just beyond the outflow turbulence flattened out and the Nissitissit River began its course to the Nashua.

So the plan of action will be to launch at the easy access point and paddle upstream to see if we can get all the way to the dam at the pond. On this trip there'd be no getting past the dam into the pond. Back downstream we will then go past our put-in and on as far as conditions are passable for us. If we have to turn back because of blockages or rapids (we don't do whitewater, even Class 1), we will at least know the extent of our paddling possibilities. Even three or four miles of this sort of stream can provide an enjoyable outing for us.

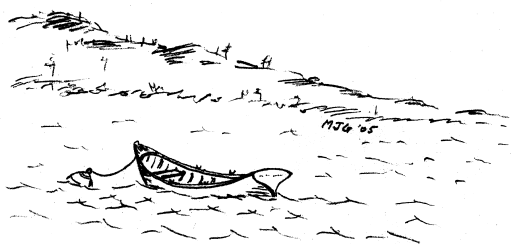
And then there's that attractive Lake Potanipo. Google Earth shows a quite substantial stream entering it at the far end from the dam. Upstream this North Stream passes through a large wetland area and eventually divides into Spaulding Brook and Scab Mill Brook, the latter leading to tiny Melendy Pond. No roads nor dwellings anywhere in sight! We're gonna have to have a look.

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On the Cover...

Looking for new adventures, three members of Great Britain's Dinghy Cruising Association, including Keith Muscott, Editor of their Journal, up and traveled to Poland on invitation from local Polish dinghy cruisers to take part in a sort of mini-Raid along Poland's Baltic coast. One of the more exciting moments is pictured on the cover. There's lots more (a dozen pages more) about this adventure in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Off to Lake Tashmoo, west of Vineyard Haven, this afternoon. Tide will be flooding into Vineyard Sound until 11am and I ought to wait until the last hour of flood when the current should have waned. With 3' shoals flanking a doglegged channel, I don't need a 4-knot rip to shove me aground.

Just astern of me anchors a power cruiser, perhaps a 35 footer. She arrived shortly after I did yesterday evening. As I watched us swing, I wondered whether my anchor might be dragging; at times there were scarcely 40' between us. Her owner came forward on deck, talking on his mobile phone. When he finished, we had a good chat. No, he didn't think I was dragging.

A 50' ketch with a clipper bow, center cockpit, lazarette deckhouse, her chain plates worn proudly halfway down her hull, pattered up behind him as we conversed and let go a large plow anchor trailing chain. The woman at the wheel backed her down to set it. The large blue sloop behind the cruiser called over to the ketch to say she wouldn't have room to swing at low tide as it shoaled off nearby. Heeding this advice, the woman eased the ketch forward and the man, in the eyes, winched up the hook until it cleared the water. They rounded me enroute to another berth. Their anchor was festooned with eelgrass.

Anchoring in eelgrass proves problematic. If you merely toss out your hook or only set it halfheartedly, you may be only tangled in the weeds. They'll hold you for a while if it's calm, but eventually, the weeds will tear out of the bottom. One can't be too careful or have too large an anchor.

MoonWind is drenched with dew this morning but the sun will soon rectify that. When I finish washing up my breakfast dishes, I'll take a short row. The slanting bridge between Naushon and Uncatena deserves a sketch.

My next destination is Lake Tashmoo on Martha's Vineyard: a non-commercial anchorage a mile's walk from the village of Vineyard Haven. My acquaintance astern informs me that a shuttle bus runs everywhere on the Vineyard. If I don't take another sponge bath soon, I doubt they'll even allow me on the bus.

After my row, I secure my worldly goods and hoist my hook. At the mouth of Hadley Harbor, the deceptive tide swirls gently. An hour before slack tide, the current should have abated through wicked Woods Hole. "Easy as pie," I reassure myself.

"Would you like your pie a la mode?" enquires Poseidon. "We have 3 knots, 4 knots, or 5 knots. The 5 knots comes with ice cream, nuts and a cherry."

"Well," I reply, "can I get it for here, or to go?"

"Only to go," says he, so to go I went.

Woods Hole proves entertaining. The channel markers, having had a tough night, try their best to recline to sleep it off. My outboard motor throbs its little heart out; I need all its power to control my course through the current. I race through crooked Woods Hole at nearly 9 knots. The dogleg proves entertaining. The can at the corner lunges at me; it heels over and has an impressive bow wave. Its hull speed through the water is considerable, but so is its handicap. I slew by it, scarcely five yards away, and emerge at the end of the slalom course unscathed. I enter Martha's Vineyard Sound just in time to run down the Edgartown ferry.

It's only three miles to fetch the entrance to Tashmoo, but it hasn't a proper marker. There's a tiny metal light by the entrance; by the time I pick it up with my binoculars, I already can see the jetty. The shoals outside the entrance are deep enough for small craft but rather lumpy. In one place, it shoals down to 6'. I take a deep breath, throttle back and tiptoe toward the jetty. Both fishermen and terns ignore me as they busily seek their dinners. I bounce through the riffles and saunter into the harbor. Halfway up Lake Tashmoo, I drop my anchor 50 yards west of the fairway. Later, I'll wish I had taken more time to set it.

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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

What Do You Do in a Canoe?

As she walked towards me, her red hair a bonfire in the afternoon sun, I did something I had never done before in my 13 years. I had always admired Harriet as a neighbor but at this moment something about the way she carried herself gave me courage.

"Harriet," I asked, throat tight, "how about a date?"

She studied me for a moment, flipped her red hair, and answered, "Sounds like fun. When?"

Confounded by my unexpected success, I blurted, "How about Saturday evening?"

"Look forward to it," she smiled and walked on to her nearby girlfriend's house.

But now I found myself in a quandary. What would we do? There were no movies near us on the Fox River in northern Illinois, not even a restaurant. I couldn't drive. What a fix I had gotten into.

As I turned towards the nearby river, my head whirling, I spotted my answer, our red canoe resting upside down on the lawn. It was an Old Town my dad had bought from a neighbor. It had been moldering under their front porch for years. For days I had watched him carefully restore its cracked ribs, lay on new canvas, and laboriously apply coat after coat of red enamel.

Yes, this was it! I had become a proficient paddler and the several interconnecting tree-lined romantic lagoons nearby were my answer.

But then, a new puzzle. How do I entertain a date in a canoe? I had seen a movie where the leading man serenaded his lady while in a canoe. Another star had strummed a ukelele. I couldn't even play a mouth harp. Back then portable radios were non-existent. My big date was promising to be a big bust. I could see Harriet laughing about it with her friends.

Frantic days flew by as I searched for some way to entertain my date. As Saturday loomed I became desperate. My dad, noting my crisis, suggested I bring along two fishing poles. "There are some good bass and pickerel under those lilypads." I just looked at him.

Friday night I could not sleep. Next morning I was feeling strange. By noon on Saturday the feeling had materialized into a flu-like illness, which had me rolling in delirium. Harriet got a phone call from my mother.

Through the years since I have gone on countless dates and hundreds of canoe outings. But I never did mix one with the other.

Richard Schneider, Rye, NY

Found in the Attic

I was 19 and I am the skinny kid in the middle of the back row. My brother is on the right. The guy in the second row is Bus Mossbacher. It is the crew of *Caper*, a Rhodes-designed 53' sloop at the start of the 1965 Fastnet Race. We were on the American Admiral's Cup team that year. We won the Britannia Cup and I earned five pounds "prize money" because of that win. We sailed from Long Island to Lisbon, 7,000 miles, and I didn't spend a night ashore from the day

college ended in the spring to when it started in the autumn. Signs of a misspent youth.

Mike Wick, Co-Editor (with Ned Asplundh), *The Ash Breeze*, Journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association.



Nessie Sighting

One day late in the summer I was paddling on Lake Nokomis and much to my surprise I came face to face with Nessie. How she got from Scotland to Minneapolis, I can't guess. She hung around for a couple weeks and just as quickly she disappeared.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN



Letter of Appreciation

We really enjoyed Annie Holmes' recollections in the November issue ("Mother of All Scuzbums"). I'd be up half the night if I wrote a well-thought-out letter of appreciation that recalled all the great times our family had at the many messabouts we attended. So many wonder-filled memories! Words just aren't enough to express our thanks to her, and Dudley, too, for being the catalysts that made it all happen. I also want to give her extra thanks for working so hard for so long doing the newsletter. I know how much work goes into such an effort and probably only she really knows the true extent of her labors. I'm sure that there is probably a half-ton of the newsletters scattered all over which are saved and treasured by countless Scuzbums. They are a visual touchstone to all the great times we all had together. And lastly, we don't ever underestimate how much she enriched folks' lives as the ScuzMum!

Greg Hogan

Opinions...

Simplicity in Rowing/Sculling

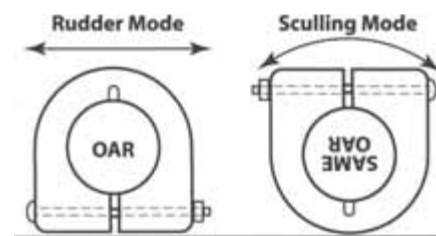
A couple things about the serial, "Adventures Down the Bay" of 1901... ("25 Years Ago in *MAIB*", November). First, the story

provides a terrifically simple solution to efficiency in a very small boat. The boys took three oars, one for steering their skiff. It struck me that that oar, serving to steer, has the kick-up feature built in and the same fixture provides mobility by sculling! It eliminates a paddle or set of oars cluttering a little boat.

Using an oar thusly for steering got me to thinking that it is an efficient means of both steering and propulsion in a very small boat. To aid in steering control maybe a button like this would help, with a closed, round rowlock (see drawing).

Then there is the illustrator of the story, shown as H.N. Cady. I recognized the name as Harrison Cady of Gardner, Massachusetts, (1877-1970), a prominent cartoonist and illustrator of that era. HC drew strips featuring bugs and small furry creatures as characters, loved the coast, and drew and painted many seascapes. He had a collection of ship models, the flagship of which was a 5' USS *Constitution* which had once belonged to a Captain Clark, Commodore of the Cunard Fleet. All this according to "Forty Illustrators and How They Work," bought in 1958.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



Metaphysical Musings

OK, fellow travelers, here's the dilemma that certainly some of you have encountered as often as I. Is it the actual paddling, or simply the planning, that is the "deal?"

I have ever-steadfast little *Lady Bug* ready to pull out of the snow bank and report for duty just about anyplace I care to go, still full mission capable, even after all these years of modifications and alterations. And now I'm about to spend waaaaay too much money to fix a more au courant ski boat that will be factory stock and ready to take one fishing, "motor boating," and, of course, skiing and wake boarding with the advent of a bunch of expensive gears and bearings and labor (professional). There is also the plethora of usual suspects hanging around (literally) the barn of rowing, sailing, paddling, and pedaling craft for most any niche mission(s), most fully mission capable as we speak.

Do I "need" to continue to design, build, and recreate a pocket tug/rawler for a perhaps never-to-happen voyage up the Inside Passage to Alaska? And if so, is it "reasonable" to spend more time than my normal Type A approach to logistics would imply? In other words, in this anthropomorphic realm we each tread regularly, does one have to have a hangar queen in build for the rest of it all to continue to "make sense?" And does the now stalled repair project on a 16' (50-year-old) version of the "coolest boat in the world" from my youth still require restoration? Granted, the alternative is rather horrific to contemplate.

Your metaphysical thoughts, perchance?
Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners

Review by Richard H. Hawkins

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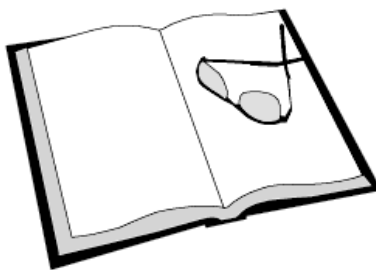


More than just a book. Such was our reaction as we leafed through an advance copy of *Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners*. More than a richly informed appreciation of some of the greatest achievements of one of America's greatest and most innovative naval architects and marine engineers. More than a celebration of the beauty of sail in yachting's Golden Age. More than a unique collection of original lines, sail, and construction plans for the ship modeler and student of yacht design. More than a superb limited edition collector's item. And no less, certainly, than a major contribution to yachting history.

Little wonder that we jumped at the chance to become the North American distributor for this remarkable work and for LTYachting Editions, the new Franco-Italian publishing company founded by yachting historian Luigi Lang and Jacques Taglang, the man who brought us *America's Cup Yacht Designs*, *American & British Yacht Designs*, and *J Class*.

More than just a book, *Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners* is a brilliant wedding of the research of Jacques Taglang and Claas van der Linde's monumental catalogue raisonne of the yachts designed by Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff and built by Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Rhode Island. John Lammerts van Bueren relates the story of the Herreshoff schooner *Westward* and her two recently built sisters, *Eleonora* and *Elena*. Louie Howland discusses the art and techniques of handling large racing schooners in the time of Captain Nat. Twelve Meter authority Luigi Lang contributes research on aspects of Herreshoff's career and also offers an invaluable analysis of the evolution of the Universal and International Rules.

In its full length portrait of the Herreshoff schooner *Mariette* (whom a fortunate few may recall from the years she famously lay in Marblehead as *Cleopatra's Barge II* under the ownership of F.B. Crowninshield), the book relies on first hand accounts by Leo Boudreau, son of the schooner's two-time owner and captain, Canadian Walter Boudreau; Erik Pascoll, her skipper between 1975 and 1990; Tom Eaton, skipper between 1994 and 1997; Christopher Gartner, skipper between 1997 and 2002; and Charlie Roe, who has been her captain in most recent



Book Reviews

years. Among memoirs of restoring and sailing Herreshoff schooners are substantive contributions by Tom Perkins, Mike Horsly, Jonathan Money, John Clyde-Smith, and Luther Dunton.

But words alone cannot do full justice to the story of these grand cathedrals of sail. As in his previous books, Jacques Taglang has brought to *Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners* a wealth of visual documentation. Photos include images by contemporary photographer Nigel Pert, who has been following *Mariette* under sail and in port for more than 15 years; by Edwin Levick and Beken of Cowes; and from the archives of the Peabody Essex Museum, the Rochester Museum, and the Herreshoff Marine Museum.

The gifted English marine artist Jamie Medlin has contributed to the book. Kurt Haselbalch, curator of the Hart Nautical Collection at MIT, has authorized the first ever publication of some 35 Herreshoff schooner construction and sail plans. French yacht designer and master draftsman Francois Chevalier has produced two large scale lines and sail plans especially for modelers. And finally, Maynard Bray, the dean of Herreshoff scholars, offers a fascinating study of Herreshoff Manufacturing Company's methods of building steel-hulled yachts and writes the authoritative preface to this landmark work.

More than just a book? We firmly believe so. For as *Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners* triumphantly demonstrates, a Herreshoff schooner is more than just a boat. Much more.

Mariette & the Herreshoff Schooners comes in two volumes, 535 pages with copious color and duotone illustrations, 45 leaves of plans and illustrations (some folding) in a special cloth bound portfolio in dust jacket and slipcase. \$295.

The Case for the Cruising Trimaran

By Jim Brown
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(856) 678-2186
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Jim Brown's *The Case for the Cruising Trimaran* is now back in print. If you like trimarans you'll love this book. And "yes," small trimaran fans will find plenty to enjoy on these pages, too.

Big cats now dominate the multihull cruising scene for sure. But can the case be made for a cruising trimaran? You betcha! Multihull pioneer Jim Brown makes his case with eloquence, wisdom, and utter sincerity all throughout the pages of this classic book. And he does it over and over again with stories that captivate your imagination and let you feel as if you're sifting on the deck of *Scrimshaw* (Jim's own cruising trimaran) as he shares them.

Jim first takes us back to the '60s and '70s when trimarans (and multihulls in general) were still struggling to be taken seriously by most members of the sailing world's cruising community. He shows us why misperceptions about multis arose, especially tris, and then offers a full analysis of multihull cruising sailboats that even hardcore monohull fans might consider. In the end, Jim makes his case for multihull cruisers and he does so with the help of dozens of captivating photos from contributors around the world along with illustrations from Jo Hudson, his long-time friend and fellow trimaran enthusiast.

Here is a glimpse of the fascinating and practical material you'll find on these pages:

The real reason any sailor gets a certain kind of boat, mono or multi. Why the best practical reasons for sailing multihulls often fall on deaf ears. Hint, it doesn't have anything to do with sailing.

A summary of the issues for anyone considering a cruising multihull. A concise overview of relevant topics, including high-tech vs. Simplicity, lightness vs. strength, cruising vs. racing, accommodations vs. performance, cost vs. almost everything, etc.

What fundamental options do multihulls offer? You can have two out of the three but not all three.

What are the most common hazards encountered at sea? A cruising sailor will want to have all these bases covered in order to prepare for them.

Some introductory thoughts on the plights of capsize vs. sinking. While both are true maritime disasters, multihullers still contend they hold the advantage in this area. Decide for yourself.

Why owner building is still a viable option for budget conscious cruising sailors. Plus other advantages to building one's own multihull cruiser.

How well do most multihulls handle in rough seas? And what is it like having your multihull rigged with a self-steering wind vane in order to take the crew through a rough storm?

Shoal draft in multihulls often prevent catastrophic damage to them in conditions that would break apart most monohulls. And they can often be repaired and sailed again.

Practical Design Tips for Cruising Trimarans and Catamarans:

Desirable features for a cruising multihull. An inside look at Jim Brown's Searunner 34 design. How years of sailing experience went into designing her the way she was engineered.

What utility spaces are ideal in the fore-castle area? Some extremely useful ideas for design and overall cabin comfort.

Why most people quit cruising. Hint, it doesn't have anything to do with lack of enjoyment for sailing. And the simple steps a sailor might take to remedy this situation.

The most important (and simple) ingredient for the safety of any cruising boat, a basic fact often overlooked by even experienced sailors when considering the purchase of a cruising vessel.

Messing About in Boats, December 2010 – 5

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Important cockpit considerations. Getting this right may be the most important safety feature of your cruising sailboat. How to avoid getting washed overboard in high seas.

What containers and supplies should be stored in the bilge? Great ideas that make for safer cruising and convenient maintenance during a long trip.

The importance of having a dinghy on your cruiser. Where to store it on a multihull. And how to keep it secure and ready for fun.

Thoughts on deck hardware and anchoring. How many anchors? How long their lines should be.

What prized galley features make for practical and economical cruising? The best places for utility shelves, including where to store hot water heated on the stove. How to reduce the amount of garbage you're producing during a long cruise.

Reducing dependence upon electricity and generators. Lighting and cooking options still relevant for today's modern multihull cruisers. While you may want more convenience than is recommended here, you'll be familiar with the issues and considerations involved with high maintenance modern amenities vs. Spartan necessities.

Why speed (even on a speedy multihull) isn't always a necessary priority. How to get more from the cruising experience. When going slower is more preferable out on the open sea.

What happened to these sailors? An inside look at certain multihull mysteries, including famous incidents involving trimarans.

What was Arthur Piver really like? Jim Brown recalls his early days and association with the famous man. And how Jim got started in designing his own trimarans.

What happened to some of these multihullers and their watercraft? Jim tells the stories and analyzes questions behind some of the people and boats lost at sea. Arthur Piver; the disappearance of the Newick-designed trimaran named *Three Cheers*; the loss of Australian designer Hedley Nicol and his trimaran called *Privateer*. Plus, other fascinating recollections from the 20th century.

Amazing tales of survival at sea! Castaways who lived to tell the tale. And came back to tell us about how to avoid multihull capsize and what to do if it does happen in order to survive!

Taking on the big issue of trimarans and multihull safety in the '60s and '70s, sage advice for cruising multihulls and monohulls alike.

Prepare for a capsize? Why every multihull sailor can easily avoid this event nearly 100% of the time, yet should still prepare for its possibility.

When design matters during a capsize. Desirable features to have within a multihull should an unavoidable accident occur.

The most important features of a life raft. Where it should be stored and how to tether it to the mother ship.

What tools you should always have on hand. The right selection of tools could determine survival or ultimate calamity. These tools are a must!

Where to store your "calamity pack." What to always keep inside it (this information is still relevant today as long as you include modern satellite locators, EPIRBs and portable transmission devices.

Provisions for long-term cruising and survival. Including food, water, First-Aid kit, and foul weather gear.

How to make an "emergency access hatch." Where to cut it. What you need to think, about before tearing into a hull.

How to create "capsize hammocks" within an overturned multihull using on-hand spars for "reflector masts" and what colors to paint on the bottom of your multihull (prior to going out to sea) that will help planes and watercraft spot it on the water in case of a capsize.

Where and how to set up stowage for the possibility of surviving an overturned vessel. How to prepare and handle both fuel and water tanks in this disaster situation. What size containers are best to use.

What to do first in the face of a capsize. A simple checklist to follow in case your multihull ever gets turned upside down. Why each item on the list is important.

Best ways to prevent multihull capsize. Safe design features and sailing practices for multihulls at sea. Following these simple steps will avert most disasters.

Where your cruising multihull's weight should be distributed for highest safety. Understanding your multihull's "natural ballast" in order to keep you from overturning.

Good seamanship prevents most disasters and can save the day even if it happens:

Safe seamanship in bad weather. Seamanship practices to keep you afloat (and upright) during storm conditions

How to construct an effective tire drogue. Using this drogue in heavy weather to keep your multihull from capsizing.

Why cruisers should always be familiar with the weather patterns for their locations during the particular seasons of their voyages. What preparations should always be done before heading out onto open water.

Cyclone evasion tactics at sea! What direction to sail in relative to the storm. Where to turn your boat if quartering seas are boarding dangerously.

Tales of amazing multihulls surviving after suffering damage in huge storms with pounding waves, encountering 40' breakers in 70 knot winds. Why "running off" may be the safest sailing tactic when you're in the clutches of a great storm.

Using storm anchors, multi-anchor tactics for securing a multihull in heavy weather conditions.

Rescue operations for large multihulls. Self-rescue tactics for smaller multihulls.

Sailor Rob Wright demonstrates a modified "Ruiz System" for righting a capsized 21' Tremolino trimaran.

How to overturn large, capsized multihulls with the help of another vessel. Why preparation for capsize makes for a better multihull sailor even though it's very unlikely to ever happen.

Why, as Jim Brown puts it, in a multihull "there is no greater feeling of belonging with the sea than when running off in a multihull at the same speed as the seaway."

By the time you finish these pages you'll either be wanting to take another cruise or plan to begin your own cruising adventure (in a trimaran, of course). But the best part is that you'll be a better sailor. You won't put down this book without being wiser, better prepared, and more aware of your boat and environment under sail. And you're sure to go back and read favorite nuggets of truth again and again.

Dear Reader, Welcome. Time has come to start sending my maritime collection out into the world. Tide's going out, so here is the first batch, some are hiding in the attic. All are as described. Include \$1 for postage (that's right), please send Postal Money Order, no checks. This collection would not have been possible were it not for the incompetence of certain librarians. I have found treasures in their discard boxes. Living in a yachting town (I canoe and kayak) it is sad to report that a well-known maritime writer and draughtsman who had once lived a few streets away whose works were reprinted by Dover Publications is not represented in our beautiful library. Well, here is the list, have fun. Write if you have a query, I'm not going anywhere:

Sensible Cruising Designs: L. Francis Herreshoff, International Marine Publishing Co, Camden, Maine, 1973. Oblong edition, 10"x7" hardbound, DJ tattered and repaired, endpapers cracked as usual with books bound in this awkward format. But you do get Prudence, H-28, Rozinante, Meadowlark, and the Double-Paddle Canoe. Plus others. Many detailed drawings. 390pgs. \$20.

The Brendan Voyage: Tim Severin, a leather boat tracks the discovery of America by the Irish sailor saints. Extremely well-written, planned, and executed. A no-nonsense book, countless experts and companies assisted in the building and equipping the Brendan. Forty-nine ox hides were used in covering the boat, step-by-step construction is given, so is credit for all who assisted. Great photographs by the National Geographic crew. Voyage was made in two sailing seasons. Final landfall was at Peckford Island, Newfoundland. 291 pages with map. \$15.

Fiberglass Boats You Can Build: Volume 48, *Motor Boat's* Ideal Series, plans prepared especially for *MotorBoating* by naval architects Charles Bell and William Atkin. 1966 Hearst Corporation, New York, second printing, 186 pgs. "For boating is food for the spirit in a day when the spirit of man suffers from malnutrition," C. Bell. Bell and Atkin just loved boats. This volume seems to be a pioneering effort in a new technology, and is carefully written, since then much has changed, but be patient. There are plans for nine boats. A favorite, one is shown to be covered with fiberglass, some others are molded. Fiberglass has come a long way in over 46 years. No DJ. Bit dusty cloth binding, 8 1/2"x12". \$15.

The Last Grain Race by Eric Newby, with photographs (B&W), Houghton Mifflin Company Boston, The Riverside Press, Cambridge 1956. One of the better "Grain Epics." Interesting appendices, includes sailing vessels taking part in 1938 Grain Race. The author sailed on the *Moshulu*. First printing 1956. Library discard, so stamped, very sturdy library binding in red, will outlast contemporary paperbacks. \$10.

Aloha Around The World by Karl Vogel, with an introduction by Commodore Arthur Curtis James and 95 illustrations from original photographs. Second impression. G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, London. The Knickerbocker Press 1923. *Aloha*, to be brief, was a wealthy man's toy, 165' on waterline, 35'6" beam, bark-rigged, coal-fired steam engines, crew of 38, including wireless operator plus officers. Around the world after World War I, the magic years. Great reference to the last quiet times and dressing for dinner, meeting local dignitaries. Well-bound in heavy library binding in red, better than new, with discard

Book Collection for Sale

By Stanley Marcocki
97 Bar Beach Rd
Port Washington, NY 11050

stamped and envelope. Yes, they stopped at Pearl Harbor, Philippines, China, and Japan. \$15 (three pages have tears.)

Decision at Trafalgar by Dudley Pope. J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York 1960. Life and times in leading to Trafalgar, very good background information re: England, France, and the services. 350 pages. Handy pullout line drawing finely done with key to locations of all quarters and full particulars on the construction. Appendices, bibliography and index make this a valuable handy little book (size of average novel) Casualties and damage to combined fleets included. A library discard in library green binding, naturally will outlive paperbacks. \$10.

The Nagle Journal, a diary of the life of Jacob Nagle, sailor, from the year 1775 to 1841. Edited by John C. Dann. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, New York, 1988. First edition. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white. 402 pages. 7 1/2"x9 1/2". Clean with DJ. Served in privateers, British Navy, merchant ships. Life of a sailor not found in the O'Brians. "If I gave one of my characters in the 1780s all the adventures that the real sailor Jacob Nagle experienced, my editors would cry, it couldn't happen!" James A. Michener (partial quote from bookjacket). \$20.

John Paul Jones by Samuel Eliot Morison. A sailor's biography. Little, Brown & Company, an Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1959. 413 pages. Appendices and bibliography. Charts, diagrams and illustrations. Book-of-the-Month copy. A labor of love by Morison, carefully researched. DJ a bit tattered. \$8.

Wooden Boat Designs by Christian Nielsen. Classic Danish boats measured and described. Translated from Danish. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, US edition 1980. 162 pages. Introduction to all the older boats, yards, tools, laboriously collected by the author. Very clean drawings, plus photos. An excellent source for designers. Books of this type describing European fishing boats are rare. This one does not seem to have been reprinted. Christian Nielsen has been conservator and model builder for the Danish Maritime Museum at Kronborg Castle. 8 1/2"x11 1/4". DJ with tear at top. \$15.

Admiral Sims and the Modern American Navy by Elting E. Morison. 1941. With illustrations and photos. The Riverside Press Cambridge. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 547 pages. Admiral Sims guided and labored for a modern United States Navy starting under canvas on his first cruise in a navy that needed turning around. A tight well-bound discard by an ignorant librarian, is a must for any student of the United States Navy. \$15.

The Bluejackets Manual, 1944, 12th edition. A complete revision to suit the needs of the Navy at war. Copyright US Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland. 584 pages. Clean. No DJ. Made to order for a nation at war on all oceans in ships crewed by young men, many fresh out of high school. \$12.

Great Harry's Navy, How Henry VIII gave England seapower. 372 pages, mint. By Geoffrey Moorhouse. Many maps, diagrams and illustrations in color. Printed and bound in England, publisher Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 2005.


Moorhouse is described as a brilliant writer by reviewers, his experience at sea includes a variety of vessels from barques to trawlers, and almost all oceans. The book is excellently equipped with glossary, sources, appendix, index, a treasury of reference material. \$20.

Complete Amateur Boat Building by Michael Verney. An old classic for the British boatbuilder. This is the revised 1967 edition. A rather complete small book, 309 pgs, 5 1/4"x8", well illustrated. DJ is raggedy. \$10.

The Challenge by A.B.C. Whipple, author of the classic *Yankee Whalers in the South Seas*. A popular account of the clipper era ships, the designers, owners, captains. The East River in New York City where many of the clippers were built. This is the story of the clipper *Challenge* designed by William Webb, its maiden voyage to San Francisco under Captain Waterman. A credit and account is given of the work of Matthew Maury, the crippled naval officer whose unprecedented mapping of the ocean currents helped make the age of the clipper ship possible. 320 pages, illustrations, ocean currents shown in end-papers. William Morrow & Company, New York 1987 w/DJ, first edition. "This is a wonderful book about a great American phenomenon, the clipper ship and the era." (Barbara Tuchman DJ quote) \$15.

Yacht Designs, by William Garden, a West Coast designer and favorite for his whimsical salty style. International Marine, Camden, Maine, 1977. 216 pages. 9"x11". Boats are well outlined from a canoe yawl to world cruisers. The expert may find the lines given for the small vessels sufficient to work from with a glass. Library discard stamps, one end-leaf missing, DJ ragged. Librarians loss, fan of William Garden's gain. \$15.

Tall Ships on Puget Sound, the marine photographs of Wilhelm Hester, by Robert Weinstein, specialist in maritime history and in the photographic history of the United States. He has selected the photographs and written a perceptive text. University of Washington Press. 1978. 142 pages. 11"x9" oblong. In 1893, an immigrant German photographer, 21 years old, landed in Seattle. Setting up shop as a photographer, he took his cumbersome 8"x10" view camera, heavy wooden tripod, and glass plates to his marine clients, photographing the crews, ships, and interiors on request. Copies were sent by the officers and crews to relatives throughout the world. Wilhelm Hester is described as an artistic, skilled photographer sensitive to the sea-going life. Frozen in time, these prints should be made available for framing. Immaculate copy, slight repair of clean DJ. \$20.



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Pride of achievement is the true reward of building a boat. It's clear as a whistle on the faces of every builder at each Gathering we've had for the past four years. This pride comes from a job well done, from a goal achieved, a dream realized, the double-takes they get on the water, and the folks asking, "how old is your boat?" These experiences are what make it all worthwhile. And the guys I talked to say it was worth every minute.

The fourth Gathering of Boatbuilders, organized by the members of the Glen-L Boatbuilder Forum, took place September 24-26 at Hale's Bar Marina & Resort in Guild, Tennessee. Each year I write about this event and how wonderful it was, how it gets better each year, about all the beautiful boats, and so on. All this is true, but there's a much deeper thread to G4, as it's now affectionately called.

It's not just about the beautiful boats that guys have built with Glen-L boat plans, or having fun riding in those boats, the wonderful people that attend, or the great food. It's about people living and fulfilling their dreams. And there's always a story behind the boat and, to me, that's the best part.

Rory Hamilton is a third generation Glen-L boatbuilder. His inspiration is his grandfather, who built the *Sea Knight*, and he is determined to build a boat just like grandpa's. He brought a photo album to the Gathering showing photos of his family's boats and some of the start of his own project. I could feel Rory's passion. This is more than just a boat to build. He's building his dream and carrying on his family's tradition. And his wife Kristen was right there with him providing encouragement.

Then there was Mary and Bernard. This couple came from Wisconsin where they own and run a resort. They closed down the resort and came to the Gathering for the first time. On Saturday, when we got all of the boats out on the water so we could get some good videos, Mary and Bernard were standing on the docks

Dreams Realized at Boatbuilder Gathering

By Gayle Brantuk
Glen-L Marine

wondering what they should do. Bill Edmundson told them they were welcome to hop in the back of his 24' Tahoe with us. We were out on the water for close to an hour with about 30 boats running and having a great time. I looked back at Mary and Bernard and, with a huge smile and two thumbs up, Mary said "I'm living my dream right here in this boat."

Seriously, how many people get to ride in a 24' mahogany runabout that was built by hand, not in a factory, but by the guy driving with his own two hands and the sweat of his brow? It's an awesome experience.

And then there's Dave Lott who recently completed building his *Riviera*, a 20' classic mahogany runabout. Dave built this beautiful boat in only 11 months and it's truly impressive. The story behind his boat is lengthy and detailed on his blog, but the bottom line is that building his boat was an opportunity to share his Christian faith and testimony.

I also had an opportunity to take a ride in Gary Steinkamp's *Missile*, which is a 16' inboard speed boat. On the dash of Gary's boat is a brass plaque that reads "Gene Steinkamp—May His Spirit Be with Us." Gene was Gary's brother who was in a wheelchair for 50 years because of polio, from which he finally passed away. He helped Gary build the *Missile*. You can imagine that this is more than "just a boat" to Gary.

Who can forget young 12-year-old Collin who raced his 10' Super Spartan up and down the lake all weekend. That boy handles his boat like a pro and had a ton of fun using it. I even understand he's quite a captain with the bigger boats as well.

For years, many of our WebLetter subscribers followed the stories of Ray Macke and his adventures in his Cabin Skiff. Ray logged over 27,000 miles and 1,587 hours on his 16' Skiff traveling various inter-coastal waterways. For G4, Ray brought his new boat, the 27' *True Grit* that he's named *SeaQuinn*. We've watched Ray's build online and know that his wife is much happier with a larger boat with better accommodations. This isn't just a boat, this is Ray and Vickie's transport to worlds unknown, to adventures that await, to deepening the bonds of their marriage.

And, of course, there's Chris who came to his first Gathering last year with his wife Heather along with photos of the beginning of his boat. Chris is one of our younger builders and this year he brought his finished *Zip*, which is one of our most popular 14' runabout designs. Chris gave ride after ride in his pride and joy, which he named *First Born*. You could just feel the well-earned pride this young man has. He and Heather even took photos with Santa hats on for their Christmas cards.

Those are just some of the stories. There are many more and that's, to me, one of the best things about our Gatherings, getting to know the people behind the boats. These folks are family to us here at Glen-L and we treasure the friendships we are building. These boatbuilders have much to be proud of. They started and finished building boats that they can be truly proud of. They had goals and dreams and they saw them through to completion.

All of us at Glen-L are grateful for each of you who attended G4 and thank you for making this event the highlight of our year. If you weren't able to make it to this year's Gathering, we urge you to make it to G5 because you'll kick yourself if you don't! See you next year, September 16-18, same place. See the Glen-L Blog for more stories: www.Glen-L.com/wordpress.



Super Spartan Hydro built by Mark Anderson.

Chris Atwood's *First Born Zip*.



Bill Edmundson's *Tahoe*.



Gary Steinkamp's *Missile*.

Ray Macke's *True Grit*.



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Three days home from the Kokopelli, the Dakota was eastbound for MASCF. Mama had swallowed the anchor, blaming back pains, and so eldest daughter Susan had been detailed to keep the old guy under control.

Hanging on the hitch was a nice heavy powerboat trailer hauling the very first 22' Western Lady fantail hull. Nestled therein was the new Super Dink with mast and oars. With Kansas in sight, Susan began to comment on a dinging noise. Investigation revealed that a spot weld on the rear fender support had given way. Four lengths of genuine baling wire had been shipped (I have a whole bundle in the rafters at Collbran) so the situation was well in hand.

The first fix lasted a couple of miles. Several more of like duration were made before critical analysis and careful workmanship solved the problem. Then the strut fell off. The rear part was then tensioned to the frame with a length of wire and things seemed stable. There was no sign of fatigue cracking at the front weld, but on a wild and wooly stretch in western Ohio the whole thing disappeared. Then we heard dinging from the other side and *deja vu* set in.

We pulled under the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's lift bridge mid-afternoon Friday, the day after the East Coast had been inundated by 8"-12" of rain. The soil was sandy and Susan's tent went up without problem. It was good to see all the old timers. By way of illustration, Lacy England was next door with her little girl Madeline, about the same age as Lacy was when this whole thing started 28 years ago. I can remember Aaron Surgent underfoot at one of the Calvert Cliffs parties. Now he has his own little marina in Florida but still comes up for this affair to help sail the family Crotch Island Pinky. Time flies when you are messing about.

It was cool, with a stiff breeze, and most of the boats were on the beach. Come supper-time the grill was going with a wide variety of animal remains, while Marc Barto and helpers were poking oysters. I destroyed a couple of crabs while sitting in my lawn chair, a far cry from the old days when tables under the tent were laid with paper and mallets. Say, no tent this year? Well, with all the rain, seems it had pulled up its stakes and laid down. It was re-erected over by the lighthouse.

Saturday dawned bright with a moderate breeze. John Ford and minions had a welcome breakfast going, and Lad Mills was helping to keep the goodies flowing. He used to sell some of my stuff at his store in Easton but is now hustling donations to the museum. Instead of pounding the pier, I lay about nursing another cup of coffee. There was a great number and variety of boats to study and admire.

There were 136 boats on the register list and several that weren't signed up. I was delighted to see Dave Kavnar's Wee Punkin

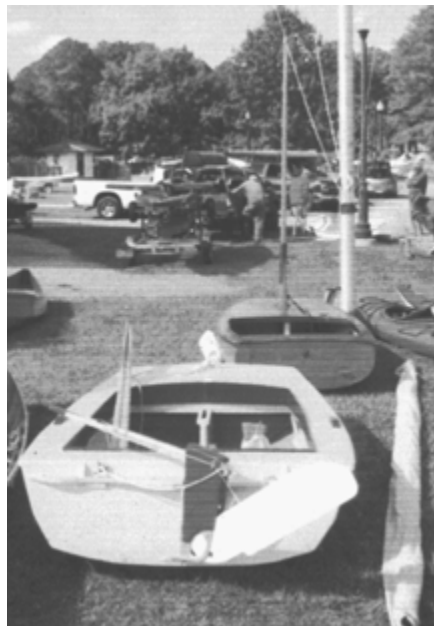
Old Timers Dean and Mary, the tee-shirt people and Vera and John England.



Super Dink Goes to the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival 2010

By Jim Thayer

(In which the writer drives 4,400 miles round trip from Colorado to Maryland and back to revisit the scene of his younger years and those old friends still on hand to greet him. Oh, yes, to also give Super Dink (see building series in April through November issues) its first outing.



Super Dink abaft Wee Punkin.

all shipshape. Andre deBardeleben jumped down on the float to help me. Good to see him still in business with his glass Skua. She has a full liner which makes for great flotation. There was a very plain longboat from some park in Florida right next to a homebuilt outfit sporting every attachment, accessory, and accoutrement known to nautical man. To be candid, I didn't take any notes nor even get around to look at everything. My advanced state of decrepitude is evidently apparent as I never lifted a hand but what somebody was there to help.

The museum laid on an early lunch of dogs with the Womacks on the grill. Despite the early lunch, I somehow missed the skipper's meeting for the sailing races, but resolved to stick with the crowd. Aaron

Kate McCormick, MASCF manager in early years with Uber volunteer John Hawkinson.



supervised the launch of my feisty frigate and after getting the oxygen aboard and Susan getting the tubing straightened out, we left the float in fine form, speeding out to the committee boat with 30 minutes to kill. Super Dink seemed to handle about like any small boat. I didn't spend any time on refining technique or crew training. We tacked, jibed, and reached thither and yon in the midst of the pack. There seemed to be a bit more weather helm than ideal but not a problem and we made a decent start about mid-pack.

The fleet soon sorted itself into a leading pack which blended into a trailing pack where we held out. It was pretty much a run to the first mark and near at hand was Lacy E. in Kavnar's Punkin, with a gal in a DC 10 next door. There was a crowd at the mark but we got round handily and came hard on the wind. In a short time we had maybe 50 yards weather gauge on Lacy and England pere and footing about the same. Most of the fleet tacked but we held on as the wind seemed to be building and tacking loses time. I suppose real racers worry about wind shifts leaving them out in the cold. I'd guess that it had picked up to 15 or so.

Finally we did tack and something went horribly wrong. We were in irons and the bubbles were passing us at a goodly rate. The rudder worked in reverse as one would expect but even holding the boom out failed to get us anywhere. To add to the confusion Susan was trying to keep the oxygen tank right-side up as I got tangled up in the tubing. After an inordinate length of time, considering what an accomplished sailor I am, I had Susan pull up the board. Ah, that's the answer. From then on Susan manned the board as well as the sheet. I was indeed flubbergusted.

It became apparent that we couldn't pinch either. Get close to the wind and before there was any warning, we were going backwards. No chance to fall off. Obviously the board was way too far forward. As the wind builds, the center of effort effectively moves aft and weather helm increases. Doubtless, swigging up on the snotter would have helped. Once sorted out we got along pretty well.

By way of alibi: As the summer wound down, time sped up. I goofed on the case, forgetting the head ledges would take up space, so the board stolen from the Swooper was 2" too wide. I stuck the case next to the deck for bracing, not worrying about balance (I did wonder, but I was in a hurry). The only sail laying around was from Willy Gale's 15' Swooper Duckah. At 56sf it's on the large side but we've beam enough to handle it. Needless to say, this winter we'll fall back on mathematics and get the board where it belongs, and cook up a new rig.

Hey! Where were the PD Racers? There were five registered and I saw one on the float but never any sailing. Just as well as things

Old Salts, Larry Huffman, David Cockey, John England and Bob LaVertue.



turned out! I guess we were last except for a fellow in a canoe who was last seen blowing off to leeward and brought to mind the poor chap trapped in the Boston subways years ago! In the square-headed class Lacy got first, a SF Pelican came second, and we were on the podium for third. Let's not discuss class size. I stumbled across race results as well as photos by Thomas Armstrong on the *Small Craft Advisor* site.

After the race we met up with Stan Garfield who had come down from New Hampshire to pick up the Western Lady hull, trailer and all. Stan has been waiting ten years or so for the hull (see "At Long, Long Last" in the September issue) so I was sure he'd be there.

MASCF is a great family affair with activities for the ladies and kiddies. There was a soap seminar and drawing instruction for the crafty types. George and Marla must have had a good boat building workshop for the budding sailors as I saw some pretty sharp trimarans sailing in the test basin. Bill Rutherford's lovely daughter ran a scavenger hunt for kids which ended with much hoopla in the little skipjack. A great prospect for the future.

Sunday dawned bright but there was a hint of panic in the air. Word had gone round that rain was coming. Where I come from that would suggest standing under the porch for ten minutes. In these parts it means you want to go home. I wondered how it could be, all the water in the atmosphere having fallen some days earlier.

Englands, Muirs, et al, hoisted the Super Dink onto the cap and tied everything down. I had become adept at staying out of the way and nodding approvingly. Thinking to give Susan a little treat I passed up the C.S Saloon and wound up in front of a French sounding joint (always risky). Cracking the door, a lady assured me they had oysters. Once out of our coats, it developed that the only oysters were on the half shell, six for 13 clams.

Back at camp it was dripping pretty good so Susan went for her tent and I rigged a rope so that the water would run off the far end of the open window. I crawled in to the



Dave Kavner with Wee Punkin.



PD Racer.

Shiny canoe.



sound of voodoo drumming from a wedding party in full swing (or stomp) next door. I was comfortable enough but in the morn when I

pulled up my feet I had to wring out my socks. We were headed for the mother-in-law's so Susan sloshed off to the shower to get all Bristol. When she sloshed back we spent maybe 30 seconds trying to extract the tent from under the fly while keeping it dry. Forget that! We wadded it all up, chucked it in the cap, and hit the road.

Having helped to raise three girls, I have a keenly-honed ability to detect any hint of unease or melancholy on their part. Although Susan is a poised and mature young woman, I thought I could discern a less than perfect attempt to hide her feelings. We spent two days riverside on the Piank-tank just a couple of blocks from the current site of the fabled Urbanna meet. Everything dried out, we lit out for home. We pulled into the drive from whence we had departed 4,415 miles earlier; 279.1 gallons of gas gives a mileage of 15.82 mpg running mostly 60-65mph. Pulling the trailer out vs. coming back with the Dink on top works out to about 15 bucks to pull the trailer.

We didn't get much video but we'll put it together with the Kokopelli and Starvation on a DVD to give you your winter boat fix. Send cash, check, or money order for \$18 to Grand Mesa Boatworks, 662 Wintergreen St, Grand Junction, CO 81504. And check out our web page at grandmesaboatworks.com.

Fair Winds.

Stan Garfield with the Western Lady hull.

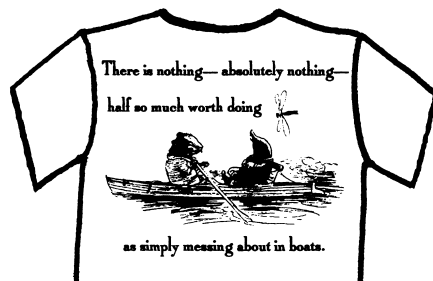


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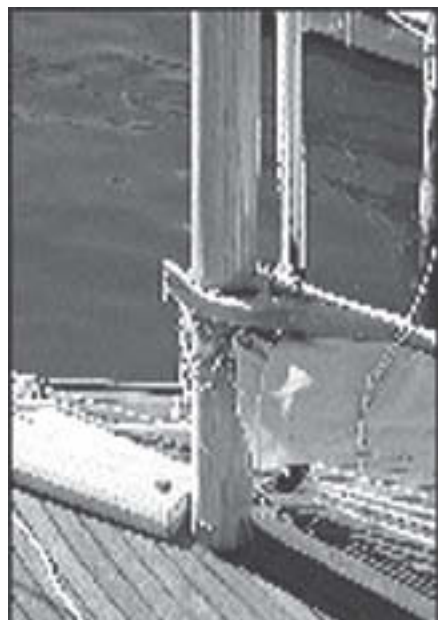


MASCF 2010 Gallery

Photos by Barry, Emily & Terri Long

Thanks to an email from Dave Lucas we had a look at a gallery of photos taken by Barry Long at last October's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels, MD. It contained well over 100 images but I undertook to select some that invoked the overall ambiance of the gathering and Barry arranged to send me hi-rez (techie term, eh!) copies for best reproduction. To see these and more in living color you can go to:

<http://www.eyeinhand.com/Galleries/Albums/StMichaels-2010/index.html>





Photos below & immediate right by Emily Long





All photos this page by Terri Long except immediate left and right.



Raid Poland, by Keith Muscott

Three DCA members responded to an invitation from Wojtek Baginski to join this cruise. It was not a 'raid' in the competitive sense, nor was it tied down rigidly to a series of courses and destinations. Like Arne Rudstrom in Sweden last year, Wojtek proved to be absolutely tireless and efficient in preparing this event, and equally so in support while it was taking place. This was all the more admirable because a recent injury kept him off the water a lot of the time. Poland's specialist sailors keep in touch with each other: it seemed that all those with an enthusiasm for multihulls – for proas anyway – were with us. It was a delight to sail with such an experienced, knowledgeable and skilful group of sailors.

Those attending:

DCA

Keith Muscott
David Spensley
Peter Lord (Australian, resident in Sweden)

Finnish

Fredrik Koivusalo

Polish

Wojtek Baginski, Leader (Wojtek#1)
Robert Hoffman
Stanisław ('Staszek') Skory
Pawel Tiunin
Wojtek Holnicki, Photographer (Wojtek#2)
Janusz Ostrowski

The Boats

Two Vegas hired from the Sailing Centre. (LOA: 6.1 m. B: 2.1 m. Draught: 1.8 m. Displ. 350 kg)

Wojtek Baginski's own home-built 17ft Bay River Skiff (see <http://www.bandbyacht designs.com/brs.htm>)

Stanisław Skory's Maderka Proa, one-off, home-designed and built.

Robert Hoffman's Yuan-Fen 'Beth' home-built sailing canoe, designed by Michael Storer. (See <http://www.storerboatplans.com/Beth/beth.html> and <http://www.storerboatplans.com/wp/?p=818> for details of the design and a slide show of Robert sailing Yuan Fen)

A cloud cast a shadow over the Raid even before we met in Gdańsk. Although the UK seemed unaware of it, Poland suffered serious flooding for weeks before we got there. I could not believe how such a serious event had been missed by our media: I was back home for a week before one of my neighbours picked it up. Rainstorms in the mountains and throughout the 75,000 square mile catchment area of the mighty Vistula, which is over 650 miles long and runs through major Polish cities, had burst banks, washed out defences and flooded vast urban areas. One of the Raid team had been manning the flood barriers in Warsaw close to his home before setting out for Gdańsk. It had been worst in Warsaw four days before our arrival, which meant that the flood would be reaching the Vistula delta at the same time as us ...

David Spensley and I met at Manchester Airport on the morning of Thursday May 27. I had spent the night in a hotel close by to be in good time for the flight to Copenhagen at 1015h. We met up with Peter Lord as we waited for our connection to Gdańsk; he had flown down from Sweden to catch the same flight. Stanisław Skory, resident in Gdańsk, met us at the airport, threw our bags into his car, and took us round the old Hanseatic League harbour. So this was the 'Danzig' I had been told about in those school history lessons years ago. It had seemed exotic and mysterious then and did not disappoint now. The city was recreated exactly the way it was, as beautiful as ever, after it took terrible punishment from both the German and Russian forces in WWII.

The weather was dull and drizzly, but it didn't dampen our curiosity about Gdańsk Gorki Zachodnie, the national sailing centre, which we visited after spending the afternoon in the city. The famous Gdańsk shipyard was not an industrial scar on the landscape. A few cranes standing in a

rural area by the sea was all we saw, and wild boar travelled the lane with us as we drove to the marina.

The sailing centre is new and well-equipped. Close to it are good cafés and a number of wooden chalets (of the sort loosely called 'wigwams' in the UK). One was to be ours while we were in the vicinity. We had





the time to unpack and relax over a drink before the others showed, as they had been delayed by various problems, chiefly flood-related. A blazing fire in the café made us wonder what conditions we could expect during the coming week. The full team finally met over a tasty meal in a restaurant by the water.

Friday dawned sunny and hot, with a steady breeze. This was more like it! We met in the café to plan over breakfast. The day was given over to preparation and becoming familiar with the boats on and off the water – those belonging to members of the team had to be taken off their trailers, rigged and launched. There were three Vegas available on pontoons so we needed to choose the best two. The job was made easier when the Talurit wire splice in the lifting tackle failed on one and the keel crashed down into the lowered position. It was good that it failed when it did.

Foils and sails were obtained from the Centre staff. *Kondor* became the Polish *Vega* and *Mintaj* the DCA boat. *Kondor* was an obvious name for a boat, an heroic bird, worthy of respect, but what about *Mintaj*, which sounded just as impressive? 'It's a fish,' said

Wojtek airily, and moved onto another subject.

Which fish? I wondered at odd times during the week. Shark, dolphin – perhaps salmon or sea-trout? Much later I looked it up at home and discovered it was the wall-eyed pollack. Hmm. Sounded a lot better in Polish.

The Vegas showed the expected wear and tear of well-used hire boats, but they were tough and stable, with nice hull lines. It took four of us to haul down *Kondor* by the masthead to sort a halyard problem. That built confidence.

All the boats were launched that day and gave us a pleasant afternoon's sailing. Robert was impressed with the maiden voyage of his canoe, which he nearly capsized as it was slid into the water from the jetty close to the chalet. The dotted circle on the chart around the area of the sailing centre indicates that we all sailed inside it on the first day, May 28. We took *Mintaj* out of the estuary into the Gulf. It was lumpy but sailable. Then we tacked up the estuary as far as we could before being stopped by a low bridge. *Kondor* overhauled us on the way – not so good. Both boats were moved later from the marina round to the jetty by the chalet, which made loading easy the following morning.

There was a drastic change of plan on that first day, because of two factors. Wojtek's original intention had been for us to sail eastwards along the shore of the Gulf past the river's mouth to the fishing village of Kały Rybackie. However, the Polish media had played up the turgid and polluted state of the Vistula. We did not know what we would encounter off the estuary – bad cross seas, the contents of city sewers, dead livestock, floating garden sheds? In addition, the canalised sections of river that we had intended to return along had been locked off because of the floods.

The second factor was more prosaic: the wind was right on the nose and Kały Rybackie was 17 nautical miles away as the crow flies – farther, offshore.

The revised plan, then, was to sail in the opposite direction and take our chances in the Gulf of Puck – the current would be taking the polluted water away from us, northeast. Wojtek showed us the photographs in the paper, which did not look at all attractive.



On the morning of Saturday May 29 it was all-change again. The Polish media had been sensationalizing the flood in true tabloid fashion, especially the pollution it was causing, Wojtek discovered, and the wind had backed a few points. We would be beating on the port tack in order to work our way eastwards, but that was all right. The weather was sunny again, with a steady NE breeze.

We were concerned that *Mintaj* had no jammers for the jib sheets. These are training boats, we were told, and students have to learn to play the sheets. *Kondor* sported jammers, though. We managed to acquire jammers and the tools to do the job, but there was no-one at the Centre with the authority to give us permission. The day wore on until we had to leave it or run out of time.

By now the breeze was gusting, so *Doppio* reduced canvas and both Vega crews rigged up reefing lines for the mainsails. In the event they were not needed. Wojtek took the camping baggage and we loaded drysacks, drinks and snacks into the boats. Peter, David and I were sailing *Mintaj*; Paweł, Frederik and Wojtek#2 were in *Kondor*; and Janusz, Robert and Staszek (Stanisław) were sailing *Doppio*.

Leaving the little inlet through the reeds, shoals and moored boats was frustrating, and involved raising the centreplate out of the mud a couple of times and putting in extravagant tacks to avoid further grounding, but by 1131h we had cleared the channel and *Mintaj* moved out into the Gulf. *Doppio*, Wojtek's Bay River Skiff, had already got under way, and *Kondor* was right behind us. The lack of jibsheet jammers told immediately. There was a strong breeze out there and it was a big headsail. Taking the sheet around one's back as if belayed at the top of a climb was the only way to relieve the strain over any distance. We passed the mouth of the Vistula at 1250h; one-third of the way there, and no obvious contamination or detritus in the water.

Regularly we had to tack some distance offshore to return to a favourable slant on the port tack. These diversions must have brought the total distance travelled in fetching Kały Rybackie to 20-25 nautical miles. It was a wet ride at times, with spray coming over the port bow. We put in a totally wasteful leg when we sailed inshore to what we thought was the fishing village only to find that we were closing a crowded holiday beach.

Doppio's crew used their heads, their GPS and Wojtek's light skiff to the best advantage. They

Doppio leaves for Kały Rybackie

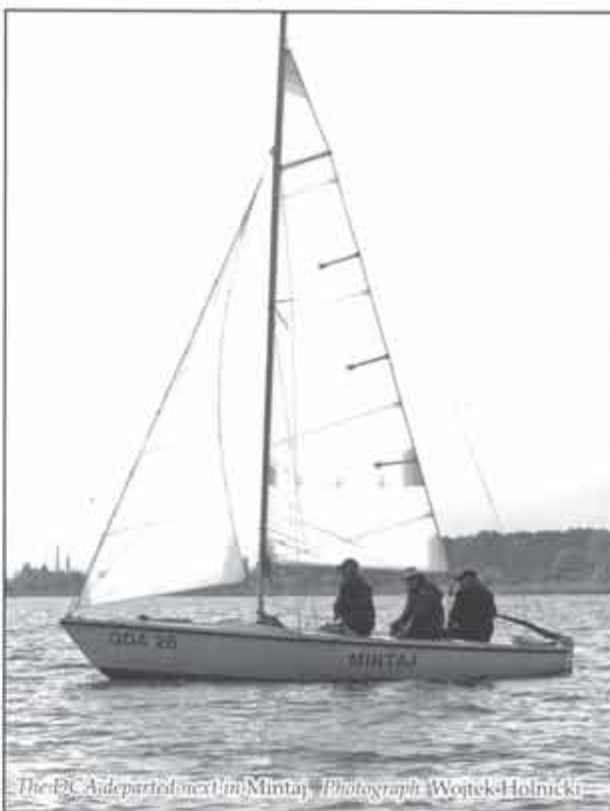
Photograph: Wojtek Holnicki



moved well offshore to be able to lay the destination with the wind free. As we closed with the objective, *Doppio* came tramping along from somewhere on the horizon and crossed our bows a good way ahead to reach the village first. Jib jammers or not, *Kondor* was a good way behind us this time. We landed at 1610h, and by 1643h the boats were hauled a little way up the beach and bedded down. *Mintaj* still had my DCA burgee fluttering bravely in her shrouds.

We were a little disgruntled with *Mintaj*'s performance and made critical remarks about the Vega class, but it is likely, looking at the figures now, that we averaged 5 knots or better beating to windward through a chop, so the heavy old Vega was no slouch, really.

Our arrival at Kały Rybackie dumbfounded the local



The PC Adepted next in *Mintaj*. Photograph: Wojtek Holnicki



Camping in the pines. My 'coffin tent' amused them all: hence the photograph. They can laugh, but there's no place like home ...

fishermen and the weekenders alike. 'Fishermen's Corner' was not used to seeing open sailing boats like ours suddenly turning up on the strand. In fact we were too much of a novelty. Someone reported strange boats in the area and the border guards descended on our party a day later, demanding to see identification.

This little village is one of the famous locations on the Polish coast, having supported a thriving fishing community for hundreds of years. It was once a home for the unique 'barkas': fishing boats built as matching, handed pairs to work special trawls and nets. (I will return to them in a future article.) The leader of the fishermen is more like a town mayor, and in fact it was he who appeared with his 4x4 pickup and dragged our boats up the beach. All business should be conducted through him, it seems, to observe proper etiquette.

We were fascinated by the name. 'Katy Rybackie' would have made a fine handle for a Wild West madam in a Tombstone saloon, we decided. These flights of fancy ended when we discovered it was pronounced 'Kyurter Rabashkyuh'.

It was fascinating to watch one of the heavy fishing boats being launched off the sand soon after our

Staszek's proa. (Paddle steering)

Photo: Wojtech Holnicki



arrival (see cover photograph). Out in the waves was a pulley on a stone pillar, through which a heavy hawser was doubled back to the beach and up to a powerful electric winch in a cabin. One end was connected to the stem of the boat, the winch was engaged, the boat was spun round in the sand like a toy – creating a miniature dune system – then it hurtled out to sea as if possessed. The fishermen started up even before the boat floated, showing a fine disregard for propeller and engine. These craft are built very strongly and kept in great condition.

The marker buoys for the fishing lines and pots all sported black pennants, which looked strangely like prayer flags when they were stacked together.

Katy Rybackie is no longer solely a fishing village. There has been some tourist development, the most convenient aspect of which was a café which offered good Polish cuisine. There were no menus in English, so when we ordered without any indigenous advice it was interesting waiting to see what would appear on the plate. The soups and broths, made with fish or bacon with cabbage and many other vegetables were sustaining and delicious.



Doppio was put on her trailer and the following day she was taken across to a slip on the Zalew Wiślany (called Kaliningradzki Zaliw where it extends over the Russian border). This is the Vistula Lagoon. It is a huge stretch of water that appears to

be another sea less than half an hour's walk from the Baltic shore. We were still in Katy Rybackie – confusing to us, but the whole area between the shores is obviously regarded as one and the same place.

The original intention had been for all three boats to be moved into the lagoon, but the amount of work involved (and the need to fetch a suitable trailer for the Vegas) led to a wise change of plan. On Sunday May 30 the DCA party would sail *Doppio* up the Lagoon to Piaski and the Polish contingent would sail the Vegas further up the Baltic shore to Krynica Morska.

On the night of Saturday May 29 we walked across to explore the village and see the Lagoon and then returned in darkness to camp on a hill in the pines overlooking the beach a few hundred yards away.

Sunday morning, May 30th, broke with brilliant sunshine and light breezes. The day started with a little ritual that became a regular feature.

'Good day, Keith!' called the voice outside the tent. 'Time for morning medicine!'

This was Fredrik Koivusalo, the Finn, waving a bottle of cherry brandy which had been brewed by Janusz Ostrowski. It certainly got the blood coursing and energised me in time for breakfast. Some time later he introduced me to Wódka Żołądkowa Gorzka, which translates as 'bitter vodka for the stomach'. In fact it doesn't taste bitter at all; it's delicious. It is flavoured with gentian root, myrtle and wormwood, and the stomach is certainly undisturbed by it, however much you drink. The head? Ah, that's a different matter ...

Fredrik is a great sailor and a wonderful character. His presence was always influential even though he chose to say little. He often conversed with Peter Lord in Swedish, even though his English was excellent. His chosen reading for the trip was 'Three Men in a Boat', by Jerome K Jerome (in English). I told him that England was not at all like that now, but I think he'd guessed that. Towards the end of the cruise I discovered another Raid sailor reading the same book – in Polish: 'Trzech panów w łódce (nie licząc psa)'. I was amazed. They were all, however, very keen to inspect David Spensley's copy of Frank Dye's 'Ocean-Crossing Wayfarer' in the latest edition.

After breakfast we took *Doppio* to the Lagoon and visited the museum of local boatbuilding close by the Jachtowy. There was a complete 'barka' in there, with many other hulls, boat artefacts and boatbuilding tools of immense age. It is not a static exhibition; renovation and new builds were in evidence as well as the exhibits. Wojtek#1 is a museum curator in Warsaw, and Wojtek#2 is the photographer there, among other things, so we were lucky to have guides with a strong sense of local history who were determined that we should not overlook this interesting place.

At 1215h Fredrik, Peter, David and I sailed *Doppio* out of the little harbour. By 1225h we were tracking steadily in the general direction of Russia, just off the north shore of the Lagoon. It was a very hot day and we hoisted the mizzen staysail and chased catspaws on the water as the breeze became fitful.



Doppio sets off for Piaski, with DCA and Fredrik Koivusalo Photo: Wojtech Holnicki

Trawling for fish in the Lagoon was forsaken long ago in favour of staking out vast nets. These are held in position and marked by forests of thin stakes – withies, we would call them. They are a real hazard to navigation and force many unplanned changes of course. Navigating this area at night would be impossible. The general position of these fishing marks is charted, but the stakes wander about everywhere.

Our destination was Piaski, just under three nautical miles from the border. It was important we didn't overshoot this one. In response to my asking what would happen if we strayed over without permission, Fredrik told me that he'd done just that many years ago when he was new to cruising and was feeling his way northeastwards at night with two or three others. Suddenly night had turned into day as three white Very flares exploded above their heads, fired from a Russian patrol boat speeding towards them. Fredrik asked his crew what the signal meant, and he was told, incorrectly, 'Welcome to Russia.' So he pressed on.

They were all arrested and thrown into the pokey for three days. I asked about this, wondering if their treatment had included the application of electrodes to sensitive parts of the body, and so forth. In fact, the three days turned out to be the best of the cruise; the food was excellent, the guards had a limitless supply of vodka and a fondness for interminable card games and they were weary for new company. I could imagine them running this three-day party for their captive audience and simultaneously reporting back to HQ that they were giving a group of foreign intruders a really bad time as a warning to others ... As Kaliningrad was a Soviet submarine base, there was probably a need then for close surveillance. I've no idea whether it still is, but we didn't want to risk it.



Photograph: Staszek Skory

Kondor and Janusz make a lot of new friends at Krynica Morska

Shortly after midday we realised that at this rate we were not going to fetch Piaski in time to eat and camp comfortably. We needed to continue under engine, but the fuel was low. We decided to call in at the next sizeable settlement, Krynica Morska. The outboard was a four-stroke, so straight petrol was all that was needed. I stayed with the boat while the others wandered off to find it. This place was Blackpool in miniature. A funfair was in full swing and a procession of merrymakers of varying ages and genders attempted to engage me for trips around the bay. At least I think that was the idea, but they had no English and I have less Polish.

We got away by 1630h, ETA Piaski 1830h. The weather started to deteriorate as afternoon turned into evening. There was a rising breeze and a chop developed, the shallow waters of the Lagoon responding instantly to wind strength and direction. Shortly after 1900h we closed the village. Wojtek had seen off the others in the two Vegas on their trip to the Baltic side of Krynica Morska and then had made his way up the isthmus to Piaski with our camping gear. We sailed into the harbour and he shouted to us that there was a channel through the rushes to a small sandy beach right on the camping field. We stood off and attempted to find it. The entrance was about six feet wide and clogged with rushes that swirled around in the waves. It was an approach pregnant with possibilities, none of them attractive. We returned to the harbour and tied up *Doppio*.

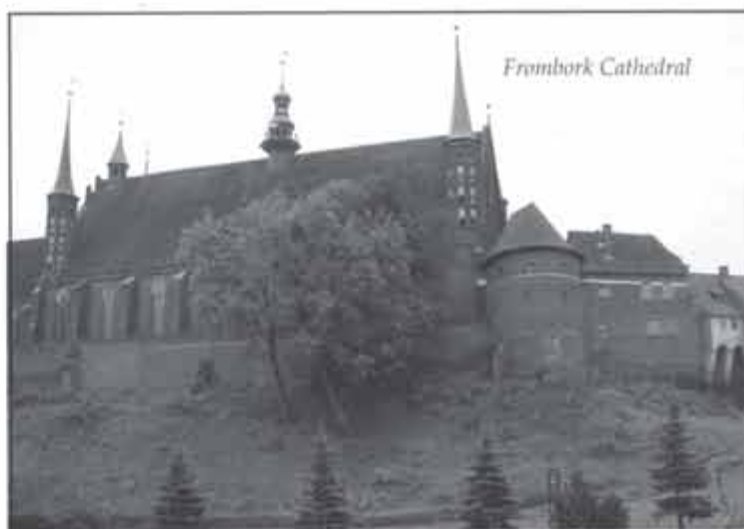
After the tents were pitched in a field shared with two wild boar sows and fourteen piglets, we found a roadside guest house which advertised food. The owner seemed very surprised to have guests. The fish was fresh, cheap and delicious and the transaction was made without difficulty, despite neither side understanding a word the other said. We rolled into our tents just as heavy rain started to fall, listening to completely alien birds calling in the tangle of rushes.

Monday May 31 revealed itself to be a day of uncertain weather, mostly bad, right from the start. I was up early and wandered off to the Baltic seashore opposite the Lagoon, struck again by how narrow this neck of land is. There was a campsite and another fishing operation by the sea, which I reached after a twenty-minute walk through pine woods. There have been big improvements made to the infrastructure throughout the area, especially to the camping and tourist facilities, but the human element does not seem to have caught up. In Kąty Rybackie, for instance, the campsite was not yet open to the public for business – in late May.

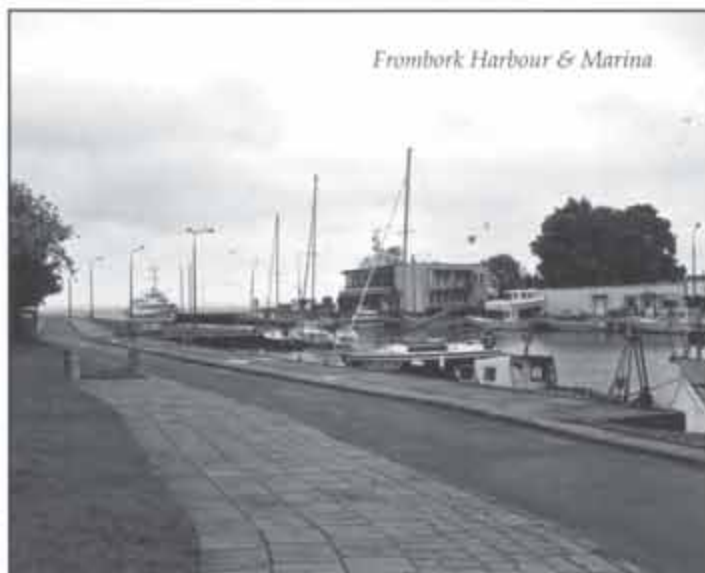
Our next destination lay on the opposite coast of the Lagoon: Frombork, a town of about 3,000 that dates from the 13th Century, when it was founded as a coastal fortress on an old Prussian site. It is famous as the residence of Nicolaus Copernicus, who made many observations from here, and for its annual international festival of organ music. There is a Copernicus exhibition in the environs of the 700 year-old cathedral. He is very much in the news as his body was disinterred recently and measurements of his skull have enabled his appearance to be recreated using the techniques of modern forensic science.

We left Piaski at 1031h, fully kitted out for bad weather – wisely, as it turned out. There was an uncomfortable sea on our port quarter once we cleared the shore, very poor visibility and frequent rain. Halfway across, the cloud thinned enough for us to make out our destination and stop using the compass. Frombork harbour and marina are small but sophisticated, well-buoyed with clear leading marks. It is a clean and well-organised place, very pretty with the cathedral behind dominating it and the town. By the time we entered at 1240h the sea was unruly with a stiff breeze behind it. The crossing had seemed a lot longer than two hours.

We turned into tourists, walking around the town and visiting the cathedral, Peter and David climbing the lofty tower. Heavy showers and sunny spells



Frombork Cathedral



Frombork Harbour & Marina

accompanied us. By the time we sat down under awnings to eat lunch at a café in the town square a cloudburst was flooding the streets. After I'd finished the beefburger and salad I stood and washed my greasy hands under the cataract from a corner of the awning, to the delight of a German woman at the table who almost dissolved into hysterics. The downpour brought a drop in wind, and I thought that the sheer weight of rain might have calmed the waters.

This proved to be the case, and when we left at around 1340h it was calm, with just enough fitful air to give us about 2 knots or less. The strong breeze we'd had in the morning would have sent us on our way in fine style on the new course. We were now heading diagonally back across the Lagoon to Kały Rybackie, some 16-18 miles away, so we could not afford to chase zephyrs. On with the engine for the most boring leg of the cruise, through rain which never eased off, although we had good enough visibility once we passed the halfway mark to make out the distant shoreline.

Making landfalls at places around the Lagoon is often difficult because the littoral strips are so low-lying and clothed in vegetation. We estimated about four hours or thereabouts for this leg, and started to look closely from 1630h onwards. It seemed as if this traverse of the Lagoon would go on forever, but suddenly our objective swam into the foreground and by 1715h we entered the little harbour and were met by Robert, who'd been asked to look out for us by Wojtek.

We bedded *Doppio* down and headed back to Kały Rybackie's Baltic side for an evening meal at the café. As twilight fell, Robert alerted us to the arrival of the two Vegas from Krynica Morska, which had left there rather late in the day. A surf was building and mist was closing in, so the boats were in danger from the unseen shore. Robert was in touch using his mobile phone, but the crews were not certain where they were, so there was nothing for it but to stand

on the shore blowing whistles, shouting and shining torches. It was very late by the time they made it. They'd had a successful trip, nevertheless.

The weather remained grey and damp on Tuesday June 1. The mist had not cleared and the surf was worse. Fredrik decided to search the shores for amber, which is reputedly common on this coast. He walked the sands for five hours and found a number of interesting objects – but no amber. David and Peter took *Doppio* into the river system and fens at the western end of the Lagoon, heading for Wisła Królewiecka and Szarpawa. They had a successful day exploring the system as far as they could get within the flood restrictions. (Note that the channels are shown as wide stretches of water on the chart for clarity's sake, but in reality they are narrow streams whose entrances are camouflaged by vegetation.)

The rest of us wanted to explore the local woods and countryside around Kały Rybackie, including a huge cormorant rookery in a stand of Scots pines. The cormorants of the Lagoon are unlike any others I have seen. They nest high up in trees and fly over the water in strict vee formation like wild geese.

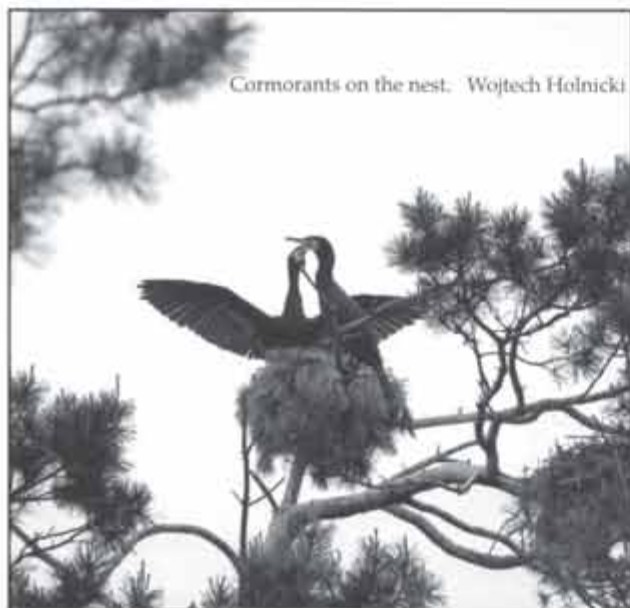
Walking through their nest site was fraught with danger. The guano comes down from on high in a revolting ammoniac spray, almost an aerosol, which kills off the vegetation on the ground and threatens the human visitor – with asphyxiation and caustic burns, no doubt. They are careless parents; shattered eggs and dead young on the ground testified to that. Up in the tops of the trees the huge chicks could be seen begging food from their parents with sinuous neck movements and there was a continuous cawing that seemed strange coming from birds that are so silent elsewhere. Their silhouettes in the dark canopies of the pines were primeval. We could have been looking at the pterodactyls of the Lost World.

'Back in Finland in the islands,' said Fredrik, 'the old ones often eat them. They have to be boiled for three hours.'

Elsewhere in the wood there were deep depressions in the ground that had been dug-outs housing camouflaged army vehicles back in 1939, I was told.

Wojtek had booked us all into a large hostel next to the café. Fredrik, David, Peter and I shared one room which had good *en suite* amenities, and the others were billeted across the landing behind a door greatly obscured by piles of sails, paddles, buoyancy aids, etc. All ours, of course.

Later, we picked our way through the boat jumble to Wojtek's room for a social evening looking at photographs, sharing experiences, and making good use of Paweł's guitar – or at least Paweł and I did –



Cormorants on the nest. Wojtech Holnicki

that had been waiting patiently for this moment in his car boot.

We had one day left and there was a problem; in fact two problems: *Kondor* and *Mintaj*.

A final leg of 17+ nautical miles taking the boats back to Gdańsk Gorki Zachodnie should have been the perfect end to the Raid. However, on opening the window of the room we could hear how the surf had built, and we could see that the mist had thickened. It was now a lee shore. We would have to paddle out through the breakers to where the depth could accommodate a 1.8 metre draught, drop the plate and make sail. We were not sanguine about the conditions improving. 'There's *always* surf on this shore,' said Fredrik, in sepulchral tones.

Once into deep water and out of breaking waves, the two boats would head west down the coast, maintaining contact with each other as they sailed.

The GPS would probably be essential to find the entrance to the right channel to the marina. We remained upbeat and no contingency plans were mentioned.

The following morning confirmed our worst fears. No matter how often we looked at the surf, before and after breakfast, it never appeared any less. Both boats were prepared and *Mintaj* the DCA Vega had first crack. Peter Lord and I would paddle on the starboard side, with David Spensley and Stanislaw Skory to port – Staszek in charge of the rudder as well as his paddle. The jib was tied down with a quick-release lashing and everything was stowed away except the large bailing bucket. The others pointed us in the right direction and walked the boat into the surf so we could start paddling immediately.

We did very well, initially. The sequence was watched intently by those on shore, especially by Wojtek and Pawel, and Wojtek#2 photographed us without pause with his Nikon D70.

Four of us paddling vigorously moved 400+ kilos of boat and equipment, not counting crew, quite smartly to within a short distance of the stone pile used to haul out the fishing boats. But the biggest breakers were there and it was impossible to get through them fast enough. One came over the starboard gunwale. Peter and I took it at chest height. It was solid water. The boat veered off to port and lay beam-on to the waves. We had to wrestle her back on course. While we were trying, we took another one over the starboard quarter.

When we started to paddle once more, she was ominously sluggish. Shortly after that an even bigger wave broke over the starboard gunwale and we realised that now we must have hundreds of kilos of unstable water in the boat with us. We kept her on



Surf's up! See also page 55

Photograph: Wojtech Holnicki

course and continued paddling, but the surf moved us steadily backwards to the beach. Our efforts only just kept her head-on to the waves.

Once we were within reach, many pairs of willing hands steadied the boat for us to get out, then she was hauled out of the surf fast. A second attempt was judged pointless.

We had been wrong. Katy Rybackie was a saloon gal after all: she'd just given us the bum's rush.

Wojtek had to drive off to find a suitable trailer at the sailing centre, and with the help of the head fisherman again the two Vegas were put on it in turn and taken back. An ignominious return after quitting themselves so well over the week.

We travelled back cautiously with Wojtek, stopping occasionally to check the boat on the trailer. It was not the same as a bracing final sailing leg would have been, but it was pleasant enough, until I noticed a railway track by the side of the road that eventually turned into a wide entrance. 'Concentration camp,' Wojtek said briefly. The tragedy of mid-20th Century Europe seemed to be much closer and more immediate in Poland than anywhere else I've been. In Gdańsk the following day we saw bullet holes in the walls of houses lining the city streets, with signs painted on walls that read: 'This area now clear of mines.' They are right to retain them as reminders.

Wojtek told us of the risks he took when his country was under Russian domination and he was untruthful with the authorities in order to get permission to travel from Warsaw to Gdańsk during the military coup in 1981, ostensibly on official business, but actually to visit his girlfriend. He also falsified the dates. The consequences would have been serious had he been discovered in this. Travel was discouraged and stifled.

We enjoyed wonderful hospitality that night at Stanisław Skory's house, where we met his wife Bożena and his son Karol, had a delicious meal, and visited his basement to look at his various boatbuilding projects. He has shoe-horned in a 7-metre GRP cruiser hull with just enough headroom to work on it. It was midnight before we left for the old harbour in Gdańsk to sleep on board *Soldek*, the first ship built in Poland after WWII, and the first sea-going ship ever built in Poland.

It is now a museum, with the old crew's quarters available as hostel accommodation to a lucky few – including us. She is a steam ship, too, with her power plant kept spotlessly clean and painted. She was named after Stanisław Soldek, an ordinary but respected shipyard worker, and was launched by his wife. And why not? I had the duty mechanic's cabin, and after a scalding shower in the morning we breakfasted at the Hotel Królewski close by the harbour.

By that time the museum section on *Soldek* was open, so we took the tour. Then, in glorious sunshine, we walked the streets of Gdańsk. The chandlers were closed because it was the Corpus Christi festival, so I was not able to buy a sailor's duffel bag made in Egyptian cotton by a sailmaker and offered at a ridiculously low price. Saved from myself. Our flight to Copenhagen was scheduled for mid-afternoon, so we had plenty of time to enjoy the city. Then we returned to *Soldek* for our bags and Wojtek drove us to the airport for 1400h.

It remained bright and clear for the flight back, and the views of the sandy coastlines of Poland and Denmark were amazing. The connecting flight to the UK took us over the Thames Estuary and the East Coast before turning sharply to port for Manchester. Equally breathtaking.

Wojtek's kindnesses did not stop there; he has sent me various items since my return, including a CD of Wojtek Holnicki's photographs. Hundreds of them. There are ways in which I will be able to reciprocate soon. It was a complete pleasure to sail with the Polish team, and I'm sure I speak for David and Peter also in expressing my gratitude for the time and trouble they took on our behalf. So raise your glass and drink to Poland; and to open-boat sailors – all of them, everywhere. KM



Raid Poland: The Surf

The attempt to return from Kąty Rybackie on June 2, 2010. All photographs by Wojtek Holnicki.

(Right)

We started out well enough. Beyond the stone post (see three down) is deeper and calmer water. Another 50 yards would have seen us clear, hoisting sail and dropping the centreplate. However, the worst waves were breaking inside this 50-yard strip, and suddenly one much higher than the starboard gunwale came on board, leading to ...



... The Strange Case of the Disappearing DCA ... (Left)

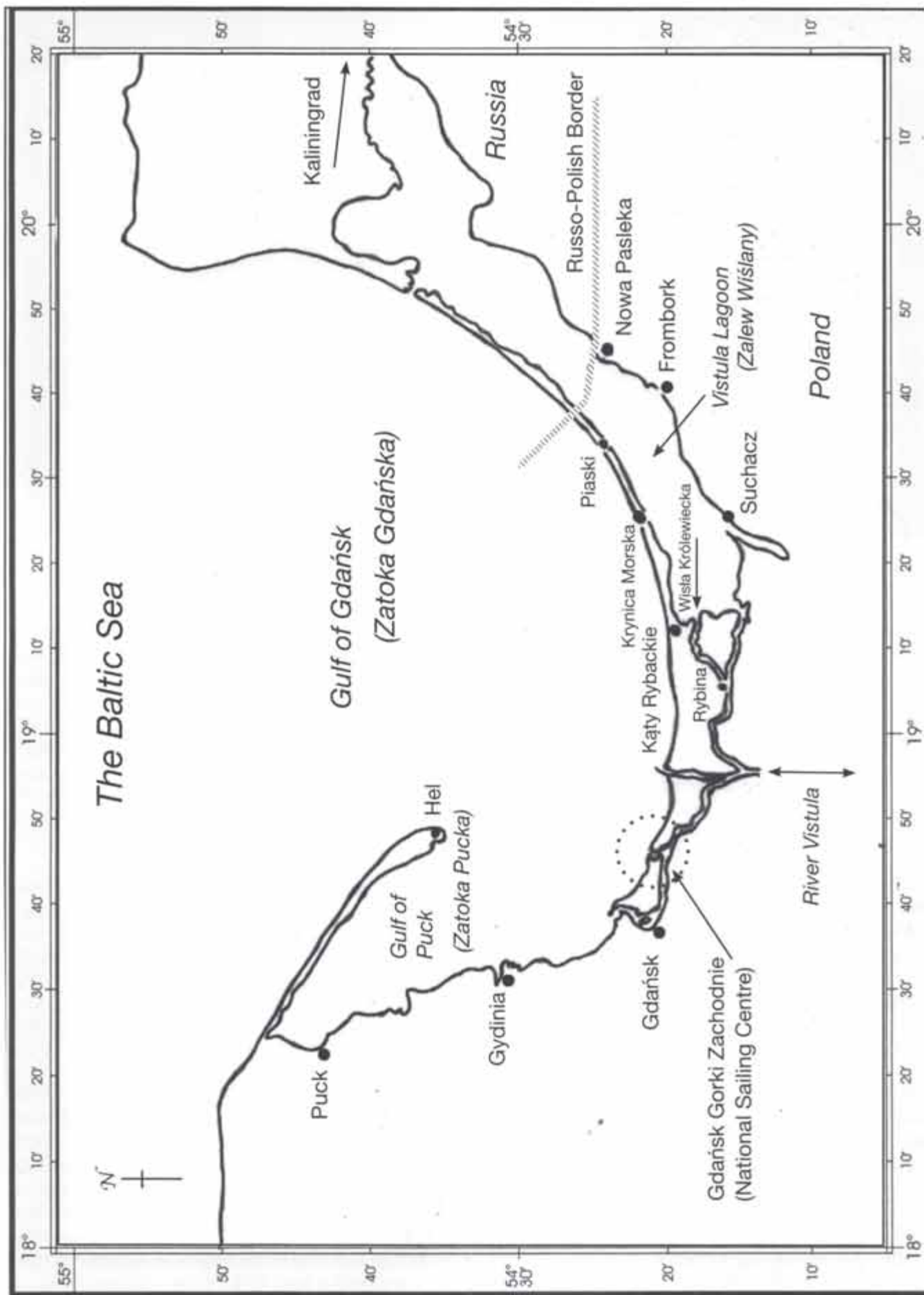
Being knocked off course to port meant we were beam-on to the waves and vulnerable (below left), resulting in Staszek taking one that came over the starboard quarter (below).

The *coup de grâce* was given by yet another big one over the starboard rail (bottom left)



(Below right) Mintaj, swamped, is pushed back to the beach with her crew paddling furiously to keep her bows-on. Pawel Tiunin (below, facing) is in charge of Kondor and is deciding whether to mount a second attempt. No need to guess what is being said, I think. KM





DCA BOAT SAFETY RECOMMENDATIONS

1. The boat should carry sufficient crew - one stone (14 lbs) for each foot (20kg/metre) of waterline length is suggested as a minimum.
2. The boat should be stable enough to allow the recommended weight of crew to sit on the gunwale without dipping it under or the craft capsizing. A beamy hull is advised.
3. The boat should carry sufficient positive buoyancy to support itself together with stores and partially immersed crew, plus a reserve of not less than 112 lbs (50kg). This buoyancy should be so disposed that it is possible for the crew to put the boat back into sailing condition after capsizing or swamping. Testing oneself and one's boat in sheltered conditions is strongly advised. It should be stressed that capsizing is not an acceptable proposition in a seaway due to the long period of exposure that may ensue and the possible loss of stores and equipment. In rough seas, recovery can become impossible. Consideration should be given to the problem of getting back into the boat. A simple rope strop helps.
4. The vessel should have at least a foredeck.
5. Mast, rigging, fittings etc., must be strong enough to withstand capsizing forces. It is recommended that if rigging is stainless, it be replaced at regular intervals as it can fatigue without warning. Ten years is reasonable for a well used boat.
6. The mainsail should be capable of being reefed whilst at sea and the possession of a storm jib is desirable on sloops.
7. The following equipment should be carried aboard:
 - a) Life jackets for each member of the crew and one spare if possible.
 - b) Waterproofs and plenty of warm clothing for each crew member.
 - c) An anchor (if of fisherman type 1 lb for each foot of overall length (1.5kg/metre) is a good guide. Patent types, CQR or Danforth for example, can be two thirds of this). The anchor warp, length 30 metres upwards, should be of non-floating material and have 2-3 metres of chain between it and the anchor. 8 mm is a good average warp size. The bitter (inner) end should be tied to a strongpoint inside the boat.
 - d) A strong bucket and a bailer, with lanyards. A good bilge pump and/or another bailer may be considered.
 - e) Two metal rowlocks secured to the vessel by lanyards, two oars and one spare rowlock. Paddles are not considered a satisfactory substitute.
 - f) Drinking water more than sufficient for the cruise. At least three pints (1.5 litres) per person per day. Also some emergency rations.
 - g) A reliable steering compass. If possible it should be kept in one position where it should be checked for deviation.
 - h) A fire blanket and/or a fire extinguisher, depending on equipment carried.
8. The following equipment, additional to the items above is advised where the cruise is more extended than just day sailing:
 - a) Navigation equipment such as charts, pilot books, tidal atlas and a means of plotting a course; simple leadline marked in metres should also be considered.
 - b) Spare compass, need only be of pocket type.
 - c) Portable radio capable of receiving shipping weather forecasts.
 - d) Pyrotechnic distress signals. VHF radio should also be considered. All in waterproof packs.
 - e) First-aid kit and instructions.
 - f) A powerful light to conform to DTI collision regulations and at least one spare electric torch.
 - g) A loud horn, bell, whistle or other means of giving audible warning in thick weather.
 - h) Repair kit and spares parts to choice.
9. Before a trip, however short, let someone responsible know where you are going and by what time you expect to return or phone in. It is recommended that you register the description of your boat with the Coastguard on Form CG6, a free service.

Flat Hammock is a kidney-shaped sandy island located in Fishers Island Sound about two miles across the water from Groton Long Point, Connecticut, where I live. It is the "ham between two slices of bread," South Dumpling Island to the west and Pulpit Rock to the east and in between is the entrance to West Harbor on Fishers Island. There is a rocky hook that no sailor wants to get caught on extending out from the north side of the island that is underwater at high tide but partly exposed at low tide. There is a small bay in the crook of the kidney where mariners sometime drop the hook.

I never wanted to cruise this September day to Flat Hammock. I just wanted to sail to West Harbor. I was in love with the beautiful day and the kindly southwest breeze that accompanied it. I leaned back and put my feet up on the seat in front of me, closed my eyes at times, and almost dropped off to sleep. I vaguely remember leaving North Dumpling Island with its lighthouse and windmill generator to starboard and headed for the red nun M2 marking the north end of Flat Hammock and the channel to West Cove.

I was suddenly aware that I had left buoy M2 to port instead of to starboard. The next thing I heard was the grating of my boat's keel on the rocks of the northern hook of Flat Hammock. I had run aground! I quickly let my sheets run and got my sails down to lessen my forward motion into even shallower water. I lowered my 4hp outboard motor into the water and pulled the cord. In reverse and at full power the forward motion of the sailboat stopped but there was no backward movement of the boat. I got my long oar overboard to help the engine but to no avail. I was hard aground.

I looked around for help but there were no boats in sight. High tide had come and gone so my situation was only going to get worse. It was 1030 in the morning and another high tide wasn't due until almost 2200 that night. Going through all the accepted methods of getting off when aground, I first sounded around the hull with my oar to see where the deepest water was. There was no hope of my trying to go forward, the water got shallower off the bow. I tried rocking the boat to break the suction of the hull to the bottom with the motor going again to no avail. I would have tried hanging off the end of an extended main boom to heel the boat over more but there was no one to haul me back in.

I had used up my last possibility of getting my boat off the reef on my own. I knew I'd have to wait now for high tide. Reluctantly, I went over the side to put some boat cushions under the boat to prevent more damage to the grounded hull. I tried to do some little jobs in the cockpit and cabin but this fizzled out with further thoughts about my situation. Boats had been going by at a distance all afternoon with no one paying any attention to my dilemma. I really couldn't blame them, most wouldn't have the power to pull me off and those that did were in a hurry to get somewhere. I had no hand-held VHF radio on board so I had no way to communicate with them.

About noon two men came by in an old fishing boat with a 9hp motor. The tide was so low now that the bottom could be seen off my bow, but about 15' behind there was open water. The fishermen and I had no idea how deep this pool was but they successfully brought their boat in. "Throw me a line and we'll get you out of there," one called.

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 6

Cruise to Flat Hammock with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor
(Groton Long Point, Connecticut)

I tried to dissuade them by telling them that the water only got shallower off the bow and it would be impossible to get a 3,000lb boat over the rocky dry spot with a 9hp motor. I also tried to tell them that the only way to get me off was from the stern from the direction I had come. I told them I had found the water deeper there. I couldn't change their minds. Because they wanted to do it their way they threw me a line instead of using mine. What could I do? They only wanted to help.

They got their boat turned around so it was facing deeper water and commenced to pull. With their throttle wide open my Ensign never moved. They tried again in a slightly different direction with the same results. I asked again how about trying it from the stern and got no response. They made two more failed attempts and then they took their lines and left with out further comment. I thanked them.

I was now getting worried. It was getting later in the afternoon and still no one stopped to talk or help. Sunset was still a few hours away but I felt I had less of a chance to get help after it got dark, and even when it was again high tide I still wasn't sure I could get myself off.

And what was my wife thinking? She certainly must have begun to worry as I had never been this late returning from a morning sail. Once it got dark I felt sure she'd call the Coast Guard and report me missing. I had sat or stood in the cockpit or on the foredeck the whole day hoping I could attract attention but now I had given up. Tired, I lay down on the cushions in the cuddy. I needed outside help.

Later in the afternoon, I heard the sound of a voice coming over the water. A young man came into the open water off my bow in an inflatable and inquired if I was OK. I replied I was but couldn't get my boat off until high tide. He asked me if I had contacted the Coast Guard. I told him I couldn't because I had no radio or telephone. Since he had a VHF radio on his boat he said he'd be glad to report me to Station New London. He was from a ketch anchored on the other side of the island where I couldn't see it. He felt he didn't have the horsepower in his boat to pull me off but thought the Coasties would be by in about half an hour after he called them and left. I thanked him.

True to his word a Coast Guard inflatable came by about 35 minutes later with two sailors in it. They wanted to know if I was OK. I replied I had everything I needed except a pull. They told me they would get in touch with Sea Tow and left me a portable

VHF asking me to call Station New London every hour and let them know I was still OK. They confirmed the time of high tide and left. I found out later that the Coast Guard telephoned my wife and told them what had happened and that I was OK. It was about 1900. I still had at least three hours to wait until high tide and the presumed arrival of Sea Tow.

It was a long, lonely wait. There was some boat traffic into West Cove. Sailors anxious to get home before it got dark had no time to come over and help me. I tried lying down in the cockpit, pulling some spare sails over me, but I couldn't sleep. I listened to the incoming tide gurgle around the hull. Then I'd get up to see how much the grounded hull had lifted in the past 15 minutes. Finally the boat began to lift to the higher tide. It was still two hours to go to high tide.

When I began to think 2200 would never arrive, I heard the sound of a heavy motor. A red flashing light and a strong spotlight shone into the cuddy window. Sea Tow had finally arrived. A large solid hull inflatable had come into the small bay where the fishermen had been only now there was enough water to just cover the strip of dry land off my bow. The operator threw me a heavy line and told me to fasten it around the mast after being led through the chocks.

"This will be a salvage call," he said. There was some disagreement over this. I had stayed aboard just to avoid such a decision. I claimed this was just a grounding job as the owner was still on board. He claimed he had to come out at night and had to go to extra effort to get me off. I told him I could have waited until morning, still trying to avoid the higher cost of salvage. He said he couldn't wait as there was a high wind warning for the next morning, unless I wanted to lose the boat. I gave up and fastened the tow line around the mast and signaled him that I had agreed to the terms of the salvage. I did ask him why he didn't pull the boat from the stern where the water was deeper avoiding further hull damage but got no response. Later I realized he could have damaged the rudder by pulling in that direction.

The sound of my boat hull being dragged over the bottom was hard to take. I could just envision the jagged scrapes and dings in the gelcoat. He had plenty of power in his large outboards and the job was soon done. I was afloat again. I went to see if there was any water in the bilge. Dry as a bone. The operator turned his boat around and started the pull me home with his stern line while I remained at the tiller. He had the Ensign going at hull speed so the trip across Fishers Island Sound didn't take long.

I watched him using his illuminated radar set find the narrow opening to the Groton Long Point Lagoon. He had all the modern marine technology and I guess he needed it. He dropped me off at my mooring saying he'd be back in the morning to check the condition of the bottom of my boat and with a wave took off. My wife Fay was on shore awaiting my arrival. We were both glad to see one another again.

The Sea Tow operator was back early the next morning with his diving gear. He dove overboard to assess the damage while I anxiously awaited his report. He told me there was only minimal damage done that could wait for next spring to repair. Good news and the end of another memorable sail on Fishers Island Sound.

Glancing through the September/October issue of *WoodenBoat*, I noticed on the "Save a Classic" page a story about a Friendship sloop named *Old Baldy*. It brought back a rush of memories going way to, I believe, 1967 when I started to attend the Friendship Sloop Races held at Friendship, Maine. I was really intrigued with them but realized I would likely not own one.

I had once hoped to own a motor sailer with a drop keel (but that never did come to pass), so I was taking a course offered by the Power Squadron called "Advanced Piloting" in 1972. During that period I became friendly with a fellow named Dick Salter. Dick had just bought a boat that was stored at Ralph Stanley's boatyard at Southwest Harbor and he asked if I would like to accompany him bringing the boat down to Manchester, Massachusetts. The boat was the Friendship sloop called *Old Baldy*.

Old Baldy was built by Bald Mountain works in Camden, Maine, and, if I remember correctly, after she was built she was hauled down to the waterfront by a team of oxen. I believe Dick was the second owner. She is a fairly small Friendship sloop with a LOA of 25' and displaces about 8,000lbs, powered by a 25hp Universal Atomic Four gasoline engine.

Plans for bringing the boat home were made and I had to figure how to get down to Southwest Harbor. My good wife volunteered to drive me down (generally north is up but to Maine one goes "Down East"). Suddenly it occurred to me that possibly I could fly. My brother-in-law Alan and his good friend Neil were partners in a Cessna 172 and both had recently obtained their licenses to permit them to fly by instruments. They agreed to fly me down to the Bar Harbor airport.

We left Beverly (Massachusetts) Airport at 4:45pm after Al had filed an IFR plan as the weather was a bit iffy. Everything went well but as we approached Bangor we checked by radio and found that Bar Harbor and Bangor were both socked in. One of the safest maneuvers in flying is the 180° turn, so we turned and landed in Augusta, Maine. As Beverly was still in the clear we split. Al rushed to change the flight plan while Neal topped off the tank in the Cessna. I rushed off to rent a car to finish my trip to *Old Baldy*. Before I left by car I telephoned Ralph Stanley to tell Dick I would be late and Dick moved *Old Baldy* down to the municipal dock.

Driving from Augusta I ran into very dense fog (is there any other kind?) when I got to the coast at Searsport. This somewhat slowed things down but I arrived at the municipal dock about midnight and got to sleep aboard. I still had to turn the rental car so in the morning I drove it back to the Bar Harbor airport to turn it in and had to hire a taxi to get back to Southwest Harbor.

Saturday morning started with a heavy fog but it cleared up a bit by noon. Dick thought that the sails, rudder, and daggerboard for the dinghy were over on Little Cranberry Island so we gassed up and headed over there. On getting there we found that the equipment had already been sent over to the mainland. We did take a pleasant walk around while we were there. Upon returning to Southwest Harbor we found the gear on the town landing. During this short trip fog was thick enough so we could not see the island. That type of weather was going to be somewhat typical of our trip south to Massachusetts. We moored off Ralph Stanley's

Bringing Home the Friendship Sloop *Old Baldy*

By Dick Berg



Dick Salter at the wheel of *Old Baldy*.

boatyard and observed four other Friendship sloops moored in the area, *Windward*, *Chance*, *Heronymous*, and *Salatia*.

Sunday we left at 0925 and anchored off Manset near Hinkley's and waited for the fog to clear. We finally left there at 1150 with fair visibility. We had hoped to reach Tenants Harbor for our first leg but we had already lost part of the day. We crossed Blue Hill Bay and went through Casco Passage, north of Swans Island, with poor visibility all the way. We observed two boats with people rowing and decided they were an Outward Bound group. We crossed Jericho Bay and when we started for the Fox Island Thoroughfare the fog really closed in. We decided at that time to pull into Stonington. At Stonington we found a berth inside a breakwater and tied up next to large fishing boat called the *Palmer Day II*. It was close by a large empty building that had been used for building boats during WWII. After dinner we walked about a mile and half to the town of Stonington. The only thing open was a grocery store but there was a phone there. When we returned to our boat the fog had lifted a bit.

I decided that as I was writing this story I would track my journey down the coast but I did not have the series of charts I really needed to do this so I thought I might use a road map. My road map of Maine does a good job showing the rugged delineation of land and water and even a fair job of showing and naming the islands, but I looked in vain for Fox Island Thoroughfare. And then I had a great idea. I went to Google and I found that the Thoroughfare was between North Haven Island and Vinalhaven Island.

On Monday at 0625 we crossed Penobscot Bay and found our way into Fox Island Thoroughfare. We observed a porpoise just before entering and then a few more while going though. While we were traversing it we had clear but cloudy weather and it was the first time we were able to enjoy the scenery. After clearing the passage we entered West

Penobscot Bay. We crossed the Bay back into fairly heavy fog and that time we decided against running outside. We had wanted to do some sailing but continued on powered by the Atomic Four. This brought us a bit south into the Rockland area and we found our way into Muscle Ridge Channel in, of course, heavy fog.

During the traverse of this channel we were plotting courses from buoy to buoy. I can still remember that stretch, being close to land on each side but not being able to see any. From the channel we plotted a course to the whistle buoy south of Mosquito Island near Port Clyde. We then ran to a buoy south of Georges Island and then ran for a buoy off Moser Ledge.

The next spot was a buoy off Pemaquid Neck. In the light fog we over-ran the buoy and saw breakers. We started a search pattern but gave up on that and plotted an estimated position. From there we plotted a course toward a buoy outside the Damariscotta River. Next we went through Fisherman's Passage and worked our way into Boothbay Harbor. The fog cleared some what at that time. We gassed up and found a mooring off a boatyard and marina. We went ashore and walked to town.

On Tuesday at 0740 we left Boothbay Harbor and at 0757 we took our departure from the buoy at the harbor mouth with the visibility again very poor with heavy fog banks. We ran to the buoy at the Cuckolds and ran for buoy south of Squam Island. At this time the visibility had improved to fair (estimated two miles). We crossed Sheepscott Bay and arrived off Portland Light at the buoy off Wood Island (Google shows Wood Island Lighthouse in that area). We then ran for the buoy off Cape Porpoise and on into Kennebunkport. We worked our way up the river and tied up at a marina to gas up. The fee was \$5 to tie up. We were lined up just behind a boat called *Hello Dolly* and were pleasantly surprised to find that she was owned by Bill Hatch from Beverly. It was his new boat that he and his wife had bought and they were bringing it home from Camden. We had a nice visit with them and we were invited to join them for breakfast the next day.

We walked into town and found it very quaint. When we returned to our boat the fog was closing in. Before turning in we met the owner of the Friendship that was listed #1 in their book (the booklet put out each year relating to the races at Friendship Sloop Days). He came over for a chat. He had built his Friendship sloop himself.

On Wednesday morning we went aboard the *Hello Dolly* and enjoyed a great breakfast. I especially enjoyed it because I was the designated cook during our cruise. We left the dock and worked downriver in quite heavy fog. We took our departure from bell buoy off shore at 1030 past the light on the Island. We had fairly strong set to westward so we sighted the light about 15° off our port bow. From the light we ran for a buoy about 9½ miles off York, outside of Murry Rock and York Ledge (whistle buoy). We ran our course in the general direction of Isles of Shoals, slightly east of them so if fog came in we could take off from an E.P. and get into Gosport and clear rocks and ledges.

We soon encountered clearer weather and anchored in Gosport Harbor at 1425. We encountered rain along the way, and it was raining when we anchored. The weather cleared later and we saw the sun longer than we had seen it the whole trip so far. When the sun was

out we could see the mainland clearly including the span of the new Rte 95 bridge. At approx 1830 it fogged in solid and we sacked out.

We had thought we would be able to sail outside of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, to Manchester but decided against it because of the weather. At 0915 we weighed anchor with visibility approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. There had been solid fog earlier. We ran between White and Star Islands to take a bearing on Isles of Shoals light on White Island. At 0925 we took our departure from the light and headed for a buoy 17 miles away north of and inside of Cape Ann. About two-thirds of the way across it started to rain. At 1130 the engine cut out. It seemed to be overheating. It started a couple of times and cut out again. We got to the problem and made it with no more problems. We entered the Annisquam River and Blinman Canal from Ipswich Bay and signaled the bridge to open. From there to Manchester was a piece of cake. Dick had a mooring in the harbor so all we had to do was square away the boat, row ashore and call our wives for transportation.

Epilog

Dick Salter sold *Old Baldy* and bought a larger fiberglass Friendship sloop hull and finished it. He named her *Finest Kind*. If I remember correctly, Jarvis Newman made the hull from a plug taken from *Dictator*, a famous original Friendship sloop. Dick later had to give up sailing because of a shoulder problem (no more hauling up sails), and bought a trawler. In his spare time he works delivering boats. In earlier days Dick was involved in atmospheric research and he was able to arrange having this Friendship Sloop Society burgee attached to the capsule on a balloon that ascended to 133,000' (25.2 miles).



Burgee of the Friendship Sloop Society.

I never did get involved much with salt water boating. I did crew for my boss a bit in a 210 out of Gloucester and one time a friend towed my Sailfish out to Misery Island from the Bass River in Beverly behind the bowling alley, and I sailed it back into Manchester harbor. I recall that the way into the harbor had signs saying no wake so power boats were probably only doing 5mph and with a breeze behind me I was passing them left and right.

In the meantime we had acquired a land yacht (a small traveler trailer). Both my wife and I enjoyed traveling and for a while we could enjoy the camp traveling and I indulged myself in some sailing with the Sailfish carried on the roof of the car. Later with larger trailers we became permanent campers on lakes such as Long Lake and Great East Lake. I had built a sailboat and a canoe during these years and over the years I owned a Chrysler Mutineer, and a Sunfish.

White Fish

Submitted by Tom Shepard

Reprinted from

The Argus and New Jersey Centinel

November 27, 1795

In turn reprinted from *The Mainsheet*,

Newsletter of the Delaware River

Chapter TSCA

The design of this voyage (the only one ever attempted in this way) was a disinterested experiment to prove some of the great advantages which may in future be derived to the United States, from a speedy settlement in and about the new town of Erie, in this state (*Pennsylvania—Ed*). The *White Fish* (so named from a luxurious fish peculiar to the lakes) cast anchor directly opposite Market Street wharf, and gave the city a federal salute of 15 rounds from a blunderbuss which was returned by three hearty cheers from a multitude of citizens who crowded the wharfs and the vessels in this port to receive them. For accomplishing this hitherto inexperienced navigation, the two gentlemen certainly deserve well of their country."

This would be quite a journey today let alone in 1795. This article appears to have been copied from a Philadelphia paper and reprinted in Bridgetown's local paper. I contacted Linda Bolla at the Erie Maritime Museum and she became very excited. This boat would have predated the earliest known named boat at Presq' Isle by three years. That boat was the sloop *Washington* built by Eliphet Beebe and Thomas Rees who worked for the Pennsylvania Population Co. The sloop was used to conduct trade and move settlers on the eastern end of Lake Erie. It was docked at what is now Freeport at the mouth of Sixteen-mile creek.

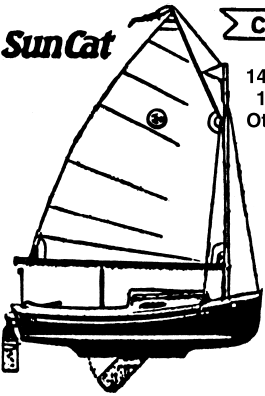
We believe that this was a public relations voyage put on by John Nicholson who owned the Pennsylvania Population Company. John Nicholson has a steep history in Revolutionary America and was a wealthy man, only to end up in scandal and debt later on. One of his endeavors was as a land speculator. He was under pressure to settle and develop land in Erie or lose title to it. He had already been granted one extension due to Native American hostilities between 1792-95 and was operating on borrowed time.

The description of *White Fish* as being a schooner interested me being only 17' long. I wonder if reporters took liberties with describ-

ing the boat and used "schooner" generically. Anybody care to recreate this voyage?

"On Tuesday last arrived here, after a passage of seven weeks, the schooner *White Fish*, built last summer at Presq' Isle on Lake Erie. The tediousness of the voyage was owing to the inclemency of the weather: She is only 17'6" keel, and 5'7" beam. This small vessel was built and navigated by two young men, citizens of the United States, born in the vicinity of this city; they had neither chart nor compass.

Her departure was from Presq' Isle along Lake Erie to the falls of Niagara, 110 miles; thence by land to the landing below the falls 10 miles; thence to the garrison of Niagara 7 miles; thence along the south coast of Lake Ontario to the river Oswego 140 miles; thence up the river to the falls 20 miles; thence by land round the falls 1 mile; thence up the same river to the three river point 12 miles; thence up the straits 1 mile into the Mohawk river; thence down the Mohawk river 60 miles to the little falls; thence round the falls by land 1 mile to the landing; thence down the same river 60 miles to Schenectady; thence by land 16 miles to Albany; thence down the river Hudson 120 miles to the city New York; thence by sea 150 miles to the Capes of the Delaware river; thence up the river to this city 120 miles making in all, 947 miles.



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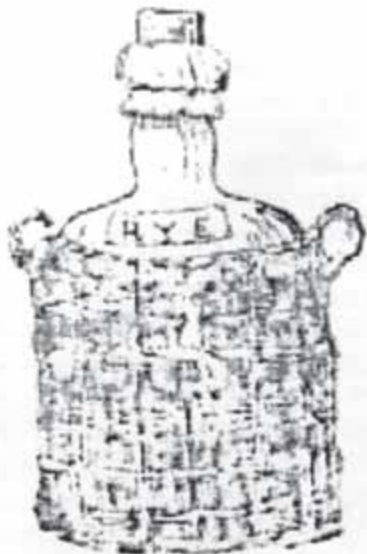


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Early one April three of us started for a voyage down the Welsh coast. Stores for a cruise were shipped, not forgetting those necessities to the sailor (amateur or professional), "beer and baccy." As it was so early in the year, we arranged to sleep ashore, at hotels if possible. One of the crew being a young sawbones, there was shipped, out of deference to him and to be strictly considered as a "medical comfort" for emergencies, a little wicker-cased bottle containing a universal panacea.



This medicine chest was entrusted to the surgeon to the expedition, and was by him labeled "Rye," his scientific instincts tempted him to ticket the receptacle "Alcohol" but the lay members induced him not to do so, as there was quite enough confusion with the methylated spirit on board without further complications. It would have been a shame, they said, to interfere with the simplicity of the arrangement by which we always mistook the spirit for water and vice versa.

The cook invariably poured water into the cooking cuisine and made the tea or slaked his thirst from the methylated spirit tin. To save his life it was necessary, though difficult, to induce him to always drink beer. Therefore, it was resolved to keep the whiskey in the bottle, instead of in a tin, and then we could only confuse it with the oil for the riding light, a mistake of much less importance for, whichever was taken, the doctor was satisfied; he said it was a delusion that cod-liver oil was better than other oils for medicinal purposes, so whichever you got, Spirit Vini. Rect or Oleum Colzae, was the very one he would have recommended for your complaint.

We started from Tranmere, on the Mersey, rather late in the evening, with an hour's ebb tide. It was necessary to wait outside Hoylake gutter until the flood brought enough water for us to sail up to Hoylake; so the hook was thrown over and tea prepared. On that first day of a spring holiday, after the cold fogs and hard work of the winter, how jolly to be in a boat again, to be without collars and top hats, to be beyond reach of the postman, the tax collector, and the "knocker-up in the morning." How real and vivid everything seems!

It is many years ago, but the writer remembers as though it were last week that festive meal in the dark in the Rock Channel, as we sat huddled together in the well of the

Camping Out with the British Canoe Union

Chapter II—Part 2

By John Davey Hayward MD
Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*, #73
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association



boat under the lowered mainsail (for the nights are chilly in April), the lights of the Hoylake lighthouse ahead, and those of Bidston and Leasowe shining astern. For company there was a flat anchored near, waiting a tide so as to have the flood to Liverpool. The writer can recall the whole scene, the articles of the menu, the very conversation. Many of the remarks made he can remember; among them a flash of genius from one of the party.

The piece de resistance of the meal was potted meat spread upon bread and butter, and much annoyance was caused by the reef lines from the improvised tent continually falling into the preparation; however, in the midst of his irritation our friend announced the discovery of a new nautical proverb, viz: "every reef-point has its own potted meat." As evidence of our guileless state of mind, I may state that this idiotic remark was received with laughter, and became a common saying on board whenever things did not go quite as desired; sharing in popularity with a proverb one of us had devised on a previous cruise when, after we had run aground, he was persuaded to jump out on to some suspicious looking mud in order to push us off, by our assuring him it was as "hard as iron," he sank in the black abomination up to his knees and, in his misery, gave vent to the insane sentence, "All that's slimy is not fish." It must be an ingenuous state of mind that can see fun in such remarks, but the boating man will laugh at anything.

These proverbs belong to the class of joke which it is impossible to write with any effect, or to explain to anyone who was not present at their birth. Such are the allusions common to two or more individuals in which outsiders can see no fun, but are astonished at the merriment the simple remark never fails to bring forth; simply because the stranger cannot picture the original cause or scene to which, consciously or not, the joke owes its richness in the appreciation of the elect few. These witticisms are mysterious to the uninitiated until, by repetition and the mellowing of time, they also return the allusion its due need of laughter, though they would be puzzled to say why.

Most families and "sets" have such jokes, with which strangers intermeddle not, such as, "Just like the fat policeman, eh, Bob?" or, "Polly knows why the milk is sour," at which other members of the charitable home circle laugh while Bob gets cross and Polly blushes. Goldsmith's squire was peculiarly attached

to the family story of the "grouse in the gun-room," and Slender says to Shallow, "pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen good uncle." Probably the squire's guests and Mistress Anne thought the crusty old anecdotes as wearisome as the reader will mine.

But while we have been talking the tea and potted meat are done; there is now water enough in the lake, so we up anchor and sail to opposite the Hoylake lighthouses, make all snug, and arrive at the Stanley Arms at midnight.

Next morning the sun was brightly shining and there was a gentle breeze in the direction we desired. After sailing close to the north end of Hilbre Island, a course was shaped for the Menai Straits. A spinnaker was set, and we bowled along merrily, telling tales, singing songs (choruses indispensable), feeding, and taking turns at steering and at dozing "forrard." The wind gradually increased in strength, first the spinnaker had to come in, and soon we had to reef mainsail. On nearing Puffin Island we found rather high waves for so small a boat as ours, and the little ship rolled badly. The skipper at the helm seemed to regard the state of affairs with equanimity, his only concern apparently being the spray on his eye glass; but then he was an old hand, who had "wantoned with the breakers from a boy," and probably cut his teeth on marlin.

There is no disguising the fact that we two others were getting into a blue funk. We began to get out the life belts, merely, of course, for curiosity's sake; we were too full of false shame to put them on; however, a nasty gybe soon altered this to the extent of our blowing the belts up at any rate. The writer made internal resolutions to forswear boating and take to skittles. We were somewhat comforted by seeing the boss so placid, but all the same we got our shoes and overcoats off; would that I could say we reviewed our past sinful lives with dismay, perhaps the story books, are wrong, perhaps our consciences were lighter then than now. Personally, my own firm intentions were to sell the boat at Beaumaris, or even give her away if necessary, if we ever got there. Nevertheless she carried us many a mile since then.

The tide was running well out of the Menai Straits, so we did not make rapid way, as reckoned along the shore of Puffin Island, although we were flying through the water. The *Prince Arthur* came steaming out close to us, and seemed quite a companion in the dusk after our lonely sail; she did not appear to recognize the waves over which we were making such a fuss. We dropped anchor at last under shelter of Beaumaris Pier, after a run of six hours from Hoylake, a creditable passage for a boat 16½' long by 5' beam with depth from gunwale to garboards of 1½', and a thin 8" keel of boilerplate dropping one foot.

In the morning we walked to Bangor and back by the famed Suspension Bridge. On leaving Bangor we saw a crowd of boys, evidently in wait for their prey, the tourist. Our costume, a cross between that of a bargee and a railway porter, was enabling us to escape unnoticed and untaxed, when the doctor must needs air his limited stock of Welsh. The result was deplorable; the whole pack started in pursuit, singing lugubrious Welsh songs, interspersed with petitions of "penny for sing." Threats and frowns were of no avail. The doctor's Welsh vocabulary included some awfully guttural "cuss" words" which, if they were as blood curdling in meaning as

in sound, should have destroyed the entire population of the neighbourhood and given the medico himself the lock-jaw.

All in vain. Temporary relief and revenge could be obtained by throwing a penny down the hill, when the crowd would charge down upon it and fight over it. By this means a good return for the penny in torn clothes and youthful ill-feeling was produced, and a few strides respite secured. Eventually, however, we had to arm ourselves against the descendants of Gledower and Jones with half-bricks, and, when round a corner, we resorted to precipitate an ignominious flight.

About midday we got afloat, and beat across, under storm mainsail, against a dead "noser" to Conway, a wet day's work. Out of the Conway estuary a strong tide was running, and to make way we had to row, kedge and tow. The latter method was very unpopular, the water being cold, and the bottom consisting of mussels, all and each of which had its business end upwards and fresh sharpened.

Next morning we started from Conway, hoping to get to Rhyl. The wind seemed favourable, but this was due to the draught up the harbour, for outside a stiff head wind was found. A yacht was spoken, and we heard that she had given up after trying to beat round the Great Orme's Head. So we returned for a sail up the Conway river. Favoured by a fair wind, bright clear sky, and the tide, we had a glorious sail up to Trefriw. We could sail close to the banks, on to which two of us would occasionally leap for a stroll; we sang, we ate, we drank, we smoked; how the Lotus eaters would have enjoyed life the more had they known tobacco!

We left the return journey a little too late on the tide, and had some difficulty with the channel, having to all turn out and wade occasionally. The crass stupidity of the few Welshmen on the banks endeared them to us personally, but their advice did not much facilitate to our progress down stream. One "race" down, which we had to run, gave us some anxiety on account of the partly submerged boulders, but we escaped with only one unpleasant bump. A grand dinner and a subsequent cigar and smoke with some Mersey yachtsmen at Conway concluded a day well worthy the distinction of a red letter; in fact we could not have imagined any improvement, except perhaps to drift:

"With indolent fingers fretting the tide,

And an indolent arm

Round a darling waist."

Next day another fine and glorious morning greeted us, the wind had gone down somewhat, and seemed more in our favour. A good sail out of the harbour and estuary was made, but the wind falling light, it was necessary to row round the Orme, in order to get out of the tide setting up the river, and into that flowing homewards. The wind veered about in light gusts, and the greater part of the day was spent in drifting past Liandudno and getting sun-burnt. Many varieties of sea-bird allowed us to come close to them because we had no gun, of which fact it is proverbial birds make it a point to acquaint themselves before they come rear human beings, to jeer at and abuse us for our incapacity to do them harm.

Towards sundown we were opposite Abergele Church, a well-known landmark, and the question arose whether we should put into Rhyl or sail on through the night. The latter course was determined upon, but the wind kept light and occasionally headed



us, so our progress past the lights of Rhyl was a slow one. We lighted the riding light and put it under the stern sheets, where we sat abreast with the sail cover over legs, thus making a warm air chamber for our legs, as the night was cold. Here we sat through most of the night, chatting and singing until we passed the Point of Aire light, which we found after steering by a pocket compass and the stars.

Soon we noticed, by our position with regard to the furnace lights off Mostyn, that we were being rapidly carried up the Dee by the tide, so after running into a buoy, which seemed to get up in the darkness and rush at us, we found it best to row for an hour or more. By this means a good course for Hilbre Isle was made, and a few minutes hard pulling got us round the point and into the tide for Hoylake, where we anchored at four o'clock in the morning. It was considered too cold to sleep on board, and we could not go on to Liverpool on this tide, so we went ashore in the hope of finding some good Samaritan to take us in.

We hammered at the Lake Inn for some time, but were ordered to "begone," so we "begoned." The lighthouse seemed the only thing awake and friendly, so for that we made. The keeper took pity upon us and found us a house where we got a bed, for which, cold and tired as we were, we were deeply grateful. After three hours of blissful sleep, an early start enabled us to reach the Mersey betimes. Here the boat was run up the Yacht Slip at Tranmere to the Mersey Canoe Club premises; her crew returning to work and the busy haunts of men. This extensive and successful cruise in a canoe yawl took, therefore, less than five whole days; and by neither a canoe nor a yacht could it, in its entirety, have been similarly carried out.

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At low tide, there is no water in this picture.



Small two-masted boats, one (at left) with both bowsprit and stern sprit (a bumpkin) sailing on Carbis Bay.

With my heritage from West Devon and Cornwall, I always love to return to that fairytale area with the tiny harbors and funny names. My first reaction to Cornwall years ago was disbelief that there could actually be a place with names like Goonhilly Downs, Lizard, Mousehole, Gweek, Port Wrinkle, Mevagissy, Scarcewater, and Little Pether. It is only natural for an American from a country overrun by urban sprawl to fall in love with the tiny villages, many centuries old.

As we enjoyed a cottage pie and a pint of real ale at the Sloop Inn (established 1312) in St Ives, it was hard to comprehend that sailors were doing the same thing there 180 years before the discovery of the New World. Fairytale places like St Michaels Mount simply do not exist in North America. The little church has been there since 1135 and Christian pilgrims have been coming there since the fifth century.

It is hard for an American who has worked in our cost-oriented society to imagine the justification of the man-hours spent on the gigantic stone breakwaters enclosing the tiniest harbors. For the American tourist visiting each mine and port, the sobering histories of wars, storms, and mining catastrophes quickly damp the romantic fairy tale impression to a cold realization that our ancestors did not actually live a fairy tale life. One look at the short rigged and heavily built traditional sailing craft tell a tale of an unforgiving coast. One look at the massive stone breakwaters and the huge timbers stacked ready to install to protect the tiny harbors, leaves no doubt about the weather and sea states.

Because the tidal range around England is so large, most of the harbors we saw were dry at low tide. The large commercial harbors have a basin walled off near the harbor entrance with a waterproof door on it for large craft that cannot sit on the bottom. They close the door near high tide and hold the basin full until the next high slack. Yachts and small

Out at the end of the Mousehole breakwater these timbers are stacked and ready to be lowered into slots in the breakwater to seal off the harbor in a blow.



Cornish Sailing Craft (And Where They Are Sailed)

By Dick Hamly



The tidal portion of Penzance Harbor.

commercial craft all sit on the bottom at low tide. Almost all of the modern sailing craft which stay in the water for the season have twin keels made of cast iron.

We stayed a week in St Ives, taking day trips around Lands End and to other parts of Cornwall. Having driven to St Ives before and aware of the long standing advice, "Don't drive in St Ives," I thought I knew what I was in for. But there has been a change since I was there last, 15 years ago. The big change is traffic. We drove the A303 from Winchester to Salisbury to Exeter to Plymouth and out the A38 to the A30 in Cornwall.

High and dry against the pier.



While the roads have been widened here and there, the increase in traffic has outpaced the road improvements.

While in St Ives, we utilized the local bus system to visit all of the nearby towns of St Just, Unds End, Mousehole, Newlyn, Penzance, Longrock, and Marazion. The No. 300 Bus goes around Lands End every two hours, passing all of the little villages on the coast but if we got off, we were committed to two hours. The other busses run every 30 minutes to Mousehole, Newlyn, Penzance, Longrock, and Marazion.

The best way to go is to buy an "Explorer pass," good for any bus anywhere for the day. That way, it is easier to get off at one town, Newlyn, for example, and walk the shore line to Penzance or further to Longrock or even further to Marazion and then catch a different bus back to Penzance or St Ives.

For longer trips, we used the train. We traveled to Truro both by car and by train. The train was by far the best way to go. We really only needed the car to visit ancestral homes and distant cousins out in the moors. We have been driving cars all over the British Isles for 25 years but I would not recommend touring SW England by car unless it is necessary.

We were there in mid-September and the wind never stopped out on the end of Cornwall. On this trip, I was surprised to find only a few more wind turbines than I saw 15 years ago. By now, I was expecting to see many wind turbines in most of the high back country and out on Lands End. I would not want the historic sites or pretty villages to have their skylines obstructed by wind turbines, but it looked to me like there was plenty of windswept rocky back country for them. I was told that it was a "Not in our backyard!" problem. Looks like they have some of the same problems that we do.

If anyone is planning a trip to Devon or Cornwall, they are welcome to pick my brain by email: dickhamly@Lbaol.com.

An old displacement power cruiser on the sands at St Ives.



Beetle Cat Dreams Do Come True

By Cathy Taylor
Photo Courtesy of Charlotte Mathey
Reprinted from *The Beetle Sheet*,
Newsletter of the New England
Beetle Cat Boat Association

Over several years, Roy Terwilliger and I talked about how much fun it would be to participate in the annual Nantucket Race Week Rainbow Parade. Early this summer, we decided it was time to finally take action to perhaps make this dream into a reality. Would it be possible to borrow an unused Beetle Cat and only take our sail out to the island? Where would we even start?

As my daughter Emily was in her third season as the youth program director for Nantucket Community Sailing, I emailed her about our idea and asked if she might investigate the possibility of using a Nantucket "Rainbow" hull. After many emails back and forth throughout July and early August, the deal was sealed. A Nantucket Yacht Club member would loan his Beetle Cat to us, and NYC would kindly transport us out to the harbor mooring to boot! Our instructions were to "meet under the NYC flagpole at 8:45am!" We had our marching orders and parade instructions and were ready to go!

On August 15, thankfully another gorgeous day, I picked Roy up in Harwich at 5:30am, in time for the 6:30am fast ferry to Nantucket. Upon our 7:30am Nantucket Island arrival, Roy and I enjoyed a terrific breakfast outside at the Even Keel Cafe! We then strolled over to our agreed meeting spot under the NYC flagpole, which was a busy hub of activity in preparation for the day's Opera House Cup Regatta. We were met by yet another kind NYC member who ushered us out to *Diastole* with our hot pink and white striped sail in tow. Working together, Roy and I carefully and quickly removed the owner's sail and replaced it with our #E43. We were now indeed ready to realize our collective dream!

As per Roy's instructions, I cast the boat off her mooring! What followed was a riot! As we were clueless as to where to go in this busy and unfamiliar harbor, we watched carefully for the lead boat, #C5 with a royal blue sail and American flag. When we saw it, we stuck to it like glue! With a strong outgoing tide and the harbor chock full of ferry traffic, classic wooden yachts, spectator boats, the Rainbow Fleet, harbor patrol, race committee and launch boats, navigating was no easy feat (I reminded Roy that we had the right of way!?!).

At first there were only a few "Rainbows," but as 10am parade start time approached, Beetle Cats with colorful sails appeared in almost every color and seemingly from every direction! It was so much fun, but I am sure happy that I was not skippering! We sailed partway out the harbor by all of the spectators at Brant Point Lighthouse beach and then, of course following #C5's lead, we tacked our way back in against the strong outgoing tide. When we finally made it around the bend of the lighthouse (not easy in the narrow, crowded harbor) #C5 turned back to do it all over again! Roy and I were both surprised how deep the water was right



into the shore, allowing the boats to get right up close to the spectators. Several people from the shore or spectator boats recognized the #E43 sail ("E" designating Chatham), and it was indeed fun to hear a familiar greeting coming from the crowd of spectators.

Upon the conclusion of the parade, we gleefully, yet cautiously, sailed *Diastole* back to her mooring. Although we were sad that our Rainbow Parade sail was about to end, I think Roy, as skipper, was secretly glad to be out of the way of both those enormous ferry boats and classic wooden yachts as well!

Our Nantucket adventure did not end at the mooring, however. Kim (Donovan) Baylis and husband Ted picked us up at the mooring and transported us to their new 43' yacht, which was moored in the harbor for the weekend of events. We motored out in *Undecided* to view all of the starts of the Opera

House Cup regatta, which were magnificent to watch, cannon blasts and all! Then we raised our sails and spinnaker and enjoyed a leisurely broad reach all the way back to Saquatucket Harbor in Harwich on the Cape, at one point crossing the path of the racing Opera House Cup boats!

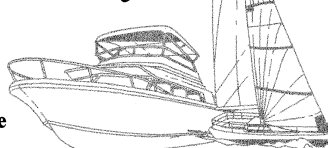
What a day! Roy and I would like to thank everyone who made our dream a reality, including the weather gods! We would especially like to thank my daughter, Emily, and the kind folks at Nantucket Yacht Club, especially *Diastole's* owners, as well as all the Rainbow Parade participants who complimented us on our Chatham sail and made us feel part of the group. Sailors (and Beetle Cat owners!) are indeed a generous people, and, in this case, so many people had a hand in making the day terrific and memorable from start to finish!



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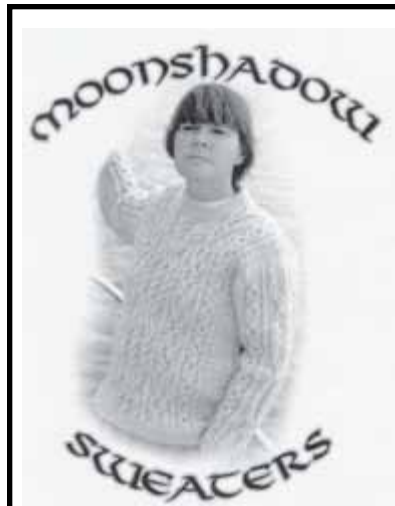
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The International Scene

Necessary repairs to locks on the Columbia and Snake Rivers will close the two rivers to barge traffic for three months. Much barge carried cargo will shift to semi-truckers and trains, although wheat growers have stored grain and stocks of petroleum products filled all available tankage, much of it in the idled tank barges.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: In northeastern China, a sand dredging barge flipped in rough seas. Three crewmen were saved by a helicopter but another 11 were missing.

Ships ran aground: In Yemen, the small Syrian livestock carrier *Gamma Livestock 12* had a fire in the accommodation area so its crew abandoned the ship and its livestock (probably sheep), and the ship ran up on the beach about eight miles north of Kwawkhah.

In the Caribbean, the tanker *Azra-S* went aground because of heavy seas and two weeks later it was re-floated by the St Croix-based tug *Storm*.

At Oxelosund in Sweden, the tanker *Chantaco* was driven aground by heavy winds during the night but was underway the next day.

Off Brisbane, Australia, a sudden failure of steering put the containership *MSC Basel* onto the Yule Sandbanks. After being freed, the ship was detained while investigations took place.

On the St Lawrence Seaway, the Canadian tug *Commodore Straits* went aground while pushing two barges. Both barges took on water but there was no polluting spill.

Ships collided and allided: In the North Sea some 30 kilometers off the Dutch coast, the Greek tanker *Mindoro* carrying jet fuel collided with the Cypriot container ship *Jork Ranger*. The holed tanker spewed jet fuel for a while but the leak was quickly contained. A search on YouTube will find a real time plot of the collision.

Unusual things happened: At Lami in the Fijis, the sizable ro-ro *Suilven* was the star in an Emergency Planned Beaching (yes, "Emergency Planned...") to repair its starboard propeller, damaged by entangling fishing lines.

In South Australia at Port Lincoln, the bulker *Grand Rodosi* approached a pier. It overshot the desired berth and crashed into the tuna boat *Apollo S*. The FV slowly heeled over as fiberglass gave way and it sank within half an hour. The grain ship was arrested as part of a \$28 million legal action but soon sailed with a full cargo. (Port Lincoln is featured as the major Australian loading destination in many books about the grain trade and square riggers.)

Speaking of square-rigged vessels, in nasty conditions about 100 miles off the Isles of Scilly in western UK, the Polish barque *Fryderyk Chopin* lost its bowsprit, quickly followed by both topmasts, and had to be towed into Falmouth. None of the 47 people aboard were injured but the ship was a picturesque old-timey mess with yards hanging down and lines trailing overboard.

Humans got hurt: A female cadet fell from the rigging of the German Navy's square-rigged training ship *Gorch Fock* to the deck. She died in a Brazilian hospital.

Humans were rescued: A Coast Guard helicopter took an American mariner suffering multiple leg injuries off the northbound 831' tanker *Sierra* 284 miles southwest of Sitka. He was injured when a deck plate fell

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

on his legs. And perhaps the same chopper rescued a Chinese fitter from the 890' container ship *Ever Unique* 54 miles south of Dutch Harbor. He, too, had leg injuries but they were inflicted in the engine room.

Gray Fleets

The smallish (150 tons) South Korean Navy patrol boat *Chamsuri* sank after hitting a protuberance on a larger (270 ton) fishing boat. An injured sailor died in the hospital on Jeju Island.

The US Navy will station 24 women officers in teams of three or four on the following subs: *USS Wyoming* and *USS Georgia*, both based at King's Bay, Georgia, and the Bangor-based *USS Ohio* and *USS Maine*. The lone head for officers on each sub will be fitted with a reversible sign.

Where was the US Navy born? At least five saltwater communities still lay claim although Congress decided in 1965 that Whitehall, New York (on Lake Champlain several hundred miles from saltwater!) was the real birthplace. The claimant communities are Beverly and Marblehead in Massachusetts; Machias, Maine; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Providence, Rhode Island.

The Australian Navy had to fly naval cadets to New Zealand for sea training on *HMNZS Canterbury* because Ozzieland's two training ships, *HMAS Kanimbla* and *HMAS Manoora* (both ex-US LSTs), were under repair.

Did you know that little Thailand owns and operates an aircraft carrier? The "Off-shore Patrol Helicopter Carrier" *HTMS Chakri Narubet* is the world's smallest jump-jet carrier but can operate 18 VSTOL or rotary aircraft.

Has the Royal Navy hit upon hard times? One might think so. Stringent budget cuts will harm all UK military services but those for the Royal Navy approach ridiculousness.

For example, the Senior Service has two large aircraft carriers under construction. Political realities ensure that both will be finished but one will carry troops and helicopters upon completion, and the other will have no aircraft until the VSTOL version of the Lockheed Martin's F-35 Joint Strike Fighter is delivered in 2020 (if that version is not canceled by US budgetary cuts). The carriers could have had some VSTOL fighters up to then except that the Harriers are scheduled to be deleted. And what then would be available to defend the Falkland Islands a second time?

French Rafale jet fighters might fly off the new carrier(s), a prospect that angered many Brits. The arrangement would give France a "permanent presence" at sea even when its single carrier, the *Charles de Gaulle*, is down for maintenance.

Privatization of the Royal Navy's nuclear base at Coulport on the Clyde is in the probable future. A consortium that includes the US firm of Lockheed Martin is in the running for the job of storing, processing, maintaining, and issue of the Trident Weapon System and all ammo for the base's four submarines. Letting a US firm in is a prospect that angered many Brits.

The brand new nuclear-powered attack submarine *HMS Astute*, which has been described as "the most expensive and technologically advanced submarine in the world," was on pre-delivery trials in Scotland when it ran painfully, publicly aground on a single bank near the Isle of Skye during a crew change. To the rescue came the local Emergency Towing Vessel *Anglian Prince* (ironically, all four of the UK's Maritime and Coastguard Agency-chartered ETVS are scheduled be scrubbed next year as part of the budget cuts). The big seagoing tug put a towline over to the ship and took a strain. The line parted and recoiled, missing the matelots (seamen) on the sub's deck but wrapping itself around the sub's sail, then fouling the *Anglian Prince's* propeller. That pulled the two ships together, damaging a foreplane on the £1 billion submarine. The commercial tug *Ayton Cross* took over towing the sub while the *Anglian Prince* was towed to Ullapool for removal of the line.

A stray budgie landed on *HMS Westminster* and was quickly adopted by an eager crew. But the bird died of shock when an alarm went off. The little yellow and green bird was given a burial at sea "with full honors."

White Fleets

Cruise ships are getting so big that passing under bridges can be a problem. Take the 138,000-ton *Enchantment of the Seas*. To the top of the mast is about 240' but the ship had to transit Denmark's Storebaelt Bridge, whose air draft is only 213'. No problem! The ship and at least one fleetmate are designed with retractable exhaust pipes protruding from the funnels and they were retracted. About 4,000 tons of water ballast were taken on and the watermakers had worked overtime since departure. Lastly, the ship increased speed so as to cause squatting in the shallow water. The result was a fascinating and tense view for spectators but plenty of air draft clearance for the ship.

The cruise ship *Carnival Splendor* had an after engine room explosion and fire (due to a cracked crankcase on one of six engines driving generators) while about 150 miles south of San Diego. The fire was quickly extinguished but the resulting damage left the ship with only auxiliary power. Close to 4,000 passengers had no air conditioning, toilets, or hot food, while food supplies were low because the ship had expected to arrive at San Diego within the day. The US Navy quickly loaded Carrier Onboard Delivery planes with groceries including boxes of crabmeat, croissants, and other delicacies for the stranded passengers. However, one photo showed endless rows of Spam cans being loaded on a COD. The goodies were flown out to the aircraft carrier *USS Ronald Reagan* and from there helicopters carried them to the ship. Meanwhile, two tugs towed the cruise liner to San Diego.

The *Costa Atlantica* had steering problems shortly after leaving Bermuda's Dockyard and the pilot stopped the ship and called for two tugs. Engineers quickly fixed the problem and the ship headed for Port Canaveral.

At the mouth of the Yangtze, the *Costa Classica* collided with the Belgian-flagged bulker *Lowlands Longevity* traveling in the same direction. Three of the 1,311 passengers were hospitalized and the cruise ship had a gash on its port side that was (how can we measure it?) 11 portholes or maybe 80'-90' long, and high enough to allow the curious plenty of room to look out and wonder at the damage.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In the Falkland War in 1982, the Brits chartered many commercial ships. Among those ships serving as troopships were the liner *QE2* and the 27,000-tonne ferry *Norland*. The *Norland* carried Royal Marines and other forces in San Carlos Sound, where the ship was under multiple attacks by Argentinian aircraft. Now, the 1974-built *Norland* and sister *Norstar* will be scrapped in India after many successful years of service.

Extremely bad weather affected ferry operations. In Scotland, the *Hjaltland* managed to dock at Rosyth a day late and more than 100 miles from its intended destination of Aberdeen.

And across the North Sea, the *Bergensfjord* carrying 250 people from western Norway to Hirtshals in Denmark arrived three hours late but winds were too strong to allow it to dock so it spent hours idling in the harbor until the winds diminished a bit.

In Indonesian waters between the islands of Adonara Timur and Lembata, the wooden vessel *Hasmita III* (or maybe it was the *Hastina III*) capsized when hit by a 3-metre wave. Many people drowned but 21 were saved. A later report said 70 were rescued.

Also in Indonesian waters, but this time about 10 kilometres off the cape of Watumanuk on Flores Island, the ferry *Tersanjung* (or was it the *Karya Pinang* or the *Karya Terang*; reports vary?) sank because of rough weather. Local fishermen saved 44 but 22 went missing. As a casual footnote, the news report also noted that a small freighter (possibly the *Karya Pinang* mentioned above) with seven crew was reported as going down off Flores the same day. Four of the crew were rescued.

A ferry with a listed capacity of 60 was carrying 220 when it sank near Ghoramara on Sundarbans Island in the eastern state of West Bengal. Dozens, many pilgrims returning from a Muslim religious event, went missing while more than 90 swam to safety.

People kept falling off ferries, sometimes deliberately. A woman fell off a ferry as it approached Rosslare Harbour from Wales. She was rescued by the ferry's rescue boat.

In Scotland, a Dutchman fell off a ferry traveling from Tarbert to Ull. Again the ferry's rescue boat was quickly successful.

But in spite of a fast (about five minutes) rescue by the ferry's rescue boat and a nearby New York high-speed policeboat, a woman who jumped off the Staten Island ferry *Guy V. Molinari* was pronounced dead at a local hospital.

In Sydney Harbour, a speedboat carrying six became wedged under a ferry boat. Two occupants were thrown clear and one woman suffered a broken neck. The operator was charged with "culpably navigating in a dangerous manner so as to cause grievous bodily harm," plus other charges.

The two ex-Hawaiian catamaran superferries repossessed by the Maritime Administration when the ferry line ran into political problems and ceased operations, were bought by MARAD for \$25 million each at an auction. (The government was owed \$135.7 million plus.) The vessels are expected to end up in government service.

Legal Matters

A Detroit man, age 19, was sentenced to 18 months in jail, fined \$100,000, and must pay \$14,302 in restitution for causing the Coast Guard to respond to a hoax radio call.

A US firm owns and operates the 3,000-ton ice-bearing research vessel *Laurence M. Gould* in the Antarctic on behalf of the US Government.

It must pay a \$2.1 million fine for allowing crew members to knowingly discharge oily wastewater while enroute to and from the Antarctic.

The Coast Guard found that the Korean master of the 20,763-ton *STX Daisy* and another officer were drunk while transiting the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He served 14 days in jail and cannot sail in US waters for six months. The news item made no mention as to what happened to the other officer.

Nature

Large tabular ice floes are common in the Antarctic but are rarer at the northern end of the earth. But an iceberg four times the size of Manhattan recently calved off one of Greenland's two main glaciers and it will keep scientists and others busy for the next two years as it drifts into East Coast shipping lanes and towards offshore oil platforms.

Perhaps paradoxically, the Newfoundland town of Twillingate, the Iceberg Capital of the World, is hurting because tourists did not show up to see icebergs floating past because none showed up this summer and a local businessman had to go to Labrador to get ice for his clients. Normally the town of 3,000 people swells to 30,000 each summer.

Gamboling humpback whales, frolicking and breaching just outside and inside Sydney Harbour, delighted passengers on some Australian ferries. Several whales even ventured past the Opera House as far as the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

The US Congress passed the Coast Guard Authorization Act and that means that even double-hulled tankers will have to have two escorting tugs while transiting Alaska's Prince William Sound.

Using financial assistance from the Port of Long Beach, Foss Maritime will convert one of its *Dolphin*-class tugs to hybrid propulsion. The *Campbell Foss* will join the *Carolyn Dorothy*, a *Dolphin*-class tug specifically built to be the world's first hybrid tug.

Metal-Bashing

Shipbuilding in China can be unprofitable. About 80 shipyards were operating at a loss in 2006 and that number rose to more than 140 this year.

Three ship scrappers were instantly killed in Bangladesh's Chittagong Port when a steel plate dropped on them. A gusty wind played a role.

The US Government has ruled that all non-producing oil and gas wells (about 3,500) in the Gulf of Mexico must be permanently plugged and about 650 idle platforms must be removed. The cost to producers and explorers will range between \$1.4 billion to \$3.5 billion and some experts believe that plugging idle wells near active wells is unwise.

Austal Ltd received a US Navy contract to build two more Joint High Speed Vessels at its Mobile, Alabama, facility. That makes five of the speedy catamarans on order in the \$1.6 billion program with options for five more. Five of the vessels will belong to the Army with the other five owned by the Marines. The Military Sealift Command will operate the vessels, with government-employee "civilian mariners" manning the first two and union members operating the next three in a shootout to see which kind of labor will operate the remaining vessels.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Since piracy is an international crime, any nation can capture a pirate and any nation can try him but it is proving hard to convict

him. For example, a Kenyan court freed 17 suspect Somali pirates, saying the US Navy hadn't provided the necessary evidence.

But the struggle went on. The sail yacht *Choizil* with three aboard was captured by Somalis but its South African skipper jumped overboard during a chase by naval forces and was picked up.

Royal Thai navy ships saved 22 crewmen and one Yemeni policeman after the Thai trawler *Sirichai Nava II* was sunk by the Somali pirates, who had captured it earlier. But survivors said one Thai and four of the Yemeni policemen hired to guard the FV were missing. The trawler was fired at and sunk in the night by an unidentified vessel.

Imports

At Tampa, Florida, authorities arrested three stowaways on a barge that had just arrived from Turks and Caicos and a fourth man leapt overboard. He was soon spotted and detained.

The destroyer *HMS Manchester* used darkness to hide its approach to smugglers off Columbia. The ship was within 150 meters of the stern of the smuggling vessel before the naval vessel was spotted. The cargo was about 240 kilos of cocaine, street worth £67.2 million.

Odd Bits

In the UK, about 200 people gathered to block access to the Devonport Dockyard at Plymouth in a protest of the UK's Trident sea-launched nuclear missile system and 13 of the anti-nuclear demonstrators demonstrated their solidarity by supergluing their hands together.

Hope Cove is an extremely scenic seaside village located in a Devon cove and it has its own RIB rescue boat. The nearest RNLI rescue boat is stationed at Salcombe, some 20 minutes away at top speed, so the Hope Covers use their boat when needed. Several years ago, the locals took the boat out for a rescue although the Maritime and Coastguard Agency authorities had "grounded" the boat for a crack in the transom, the Agency deemed it "an unacceptable risk" and forbade further use of the RIB. Recently, however, the urge to help those in trouble predominated and the Hope Cove boat and its crew rescued a canoeist in trouble off Bolt Tail and brought him back to Hope Cove before the Salcombe fast inshore boat even got to Bolt Head. The bureaucratic MCA remained adamant in its position, however, even returning a donation of £3,600 for repairs of the Hope Cove boat.

How to interpret news items from other countries is sometimes tricky. Take this item from Belize (edited, shortened, and italicized): "*The barge Benita caught fire on Ambergris Caye. The fire apparently started in the cabin section of the barge and quickly ran to the tank located on the bottom compartment. Just before the explosion, all three passengers managed to escape by jumping through the front glass window of the barge.*"

Head-Shaker

Overworked Indian coastal police borrowed six speedboats from other police departments in order to improve security coverage for President Obama's visit to Mumbai. Operating at speed at night, the *Sagar Shakti* ran into a ship that had been submerged for more than 20 years. On board was a phlegmatic deputy commissioner of police who later commented, "We noticed a hole in the bottom of the boat through which water had started entering."

It's like SUP surfing only you don't get wet (and you don't surf) and you can carry gear and people and go fast, too! And the only boat you need is probably in your back yard! SUP is all the rage these days, Standup paddle surfing. There are at least two magazines about it on newsstands, and hundreds of events and websites.

SUP surfing makes sense here in the Great Lakes region, too; we have a lot of waves and water, but no big waves. SUP lets you get easy, quality surfing from small water. It's because paddling lets you easily get the required big boards up to speed. It's also a dandy workout.

Nowadays, along the coast of Lake Michigan we see paddle boards and long paddles for sale or rent whenever we see a sport shop. And we see the SUPers themselves out there doing their thing. Well, I've seen a few beginners anyway. It seems to offer an easy entré to the surf scene. It looks like more of a middle-aged thing, from what I can tell. It seems that the ladies are getting into it, too.

But here's the thing. I've been doing SUP in canoes for years. Yet if you google "SUP" and "canoe" you'll come up empty, until recently. I finally saw a summer issue of Canada's *Canoeroots* magazine with a very short article on canoe SUP. Its author did a multi-day tour standing up. And the story mentions guys who won a whitewater race doing tandem SUP in a canoe. (I've been posting about it at my *OutYourBackDoor.com* website for years, too, but my searchability has been glitchy.)

Well, SUP-in-a-canoe makes sense to me! Heck, in a canoe you can easily haul people and stuff. They're big, dry, comfy, and fast. And everyone has one! They beat out boards, hands down, on all five counts, seems to me. The only thing boards are better for is actual surfing, a non-issue on our rivers.

So what to call our new canoe sport? I hesitate. Does it really have to be SUC? Ouch! You could also do it in a stable kayak, but maybe we don't want to go there. I guess it's just standup canoeing for now. But here's what's neat, it should also include canoe poling. That's a sport I wrote about for *MAIB*

Standup Canoeing

By Jeff Potter

years ago, when I first started promoting poling for fast flatwater fun.

Yes, I was doing SUP before it was popular. I remember googling for a long paddle and coming up empty. The next year there were a dozen makers, a dozen SUP websites! I was shocked. Then I learned how the world's best surfer, Laird Hamilton, put SUP on the map and how SUP has been part of surf-culture for 100 years. Cool. Too bad nobody discovered me doing it years ago out here in the boonies!

So, when the water is shallow, use your pole; when it's deep, grab your long paddle! Poling is the easier of the two modes, you can lean on the pole as you go and gain stability that way. With SUP you have to keep your weight in the boat and avoid leaning on the paddle. However, you can use strong bracing strokes to get some stability when needed.

It's funny how I "invented" both sports (in my cultural vacuum). On both occasions I just couldn't take sitting down any longer. The "rules" were against me but I just had to stand up! And nothing bad happened! And several good things did.

I stumbled onto poling first. I'd been paddling on our local river one autumn. The water gets low, often less than a foot deep, and paddling doesn't hardly work; the boat throws up big waves and bogs down, which is why it's called "suckwater." At the same time, our local tree color was amazing. So I was sitting there, wanting to see more scenery. Sitting down low, I felt trapped. So I just stood up!

Now, I was paddling a tippy, narrow, flatwater kevlar racing canoe, a beat up old 1982 Wenonah Advantage 16'6" 30-pounder. When I stood up, I found I could balance easily. I jumped out, whittled a 12' maple sapling about 1" diameter, hopped back in, and took off like a rocket. And suddenly I could see all the scenery! I felt like I was a part of autumn, with my head up in the leaves, I

could see so much farther up and down the river and beyond the riverbanks. And down into the water, too! I suddenly saw fish everywhere! And no more suckwater! Pushing off the bottom gave me all the umph I needed. I was hooked.

I discovered standup canoeing similarly. I was canoeing on a pond with my wife and she wanted to lay back and read but I felt like I wasn't able to propel the big, old, heavy canoe very well just sitting, so I just stood up and started paddling us around. I was already hooked on poling, but the water was too deep for that. I had a longish old paddle and even though I was hunched over I could really make that boat glide. And it just felt great to be on two legs. So, score another for standing!

Of course, sit-down paddling is still perfectly fun. I tend to bring all three tools with me when I go out. My hunch (combined with some data) is that when going upstream in shallow water, poling is fastest, then comes sit-down paddling downstream in deeper water, then standup.

I don't have my homemade long paddle dialed in yet. Its kevlar shaft is a bit flexy and the blade a bit big, my cadence is thus slow. Once I get that sorted out I'll compare some times. Carbon sure helps make an SUP paddle work nice; they're so long that a very stiff shaft is almost essential if you want zesty performance. How to size a SUP paddle? I'm 6' tall and did some measuring while standing on a chair and holding my hands in paddle-posture and ended up with a paddle 6'6" long. It seems about right. I tried a friend's 6-footer and it seemed too short. (I just googled it (the info didn't exist when I made mine) and saw that a flatwater SUP paddle should be 8"-10" taller than me. Ah, but they're up on 4" thick boards, while canoes sink a bit).

Lately one of the only times I sit down in a canoe anymore is when it's wavy. I confess that I haven't mastered the art of standing in a canoe in waves. Is it possible? Hmmm... I also like sitting when I want to keep it simple, like when paddling a tricky river or when I want to blast as hard as possible paddling at 60-80 strokes a minute is a thrill. When two people are jamming in a tandem race canoe



down a twisty river it's a bit like speed-skating down the river on ice. The boat goes so fast and smooth, there's even a breeze in your hair.

But the all-body action of standup is dyno. It's a bit like snowboarding or surfing! You can bank and edge the boat with your feet to make it carve around obstacles. Poling feels a bit like XC ski skate poling. It's just so nice to stretch and use the legs, for a change, when in a boat.

I finally got to try SUP on a board this summer. A pal and I went out at sunset and cruised a quiet bay, trading back and forth between his board and my canoe. The board was skittish, but I didn't fall in. I suppose it's something you get used to. I kinda preferred my canoe. A canoe does get blown around in a breeze on open water, but there are also a lot

of sheltered waters and mellow rivers. So I'd say that folks should give SUP in canoes a try! Start out in shallow water and see how it goes.

I recently put up a few YouTube videos showing me doing poling and SUP-canoe, both side views and via helmet cam (username Outyourbackdoor, but username JeffOYB has a bunch of possibly interesting videos, too!).

The official technique is to stand with your feet side-by-side, shoulder-width apart and use a "sit'n'switch" style of paddling. You rotate your torso to get a windup before planting the blade. Then SUPers kind of squat down and flex their knees as they do the stroke. Lift the paddle as the blade passes your hip just like racers do. I think it must be a more balanced way to paddle. I tend to stand

in my boat with my feet somewhat fore'n'aft, akimbo, more like on a snowboard. But my local river has lots of hidden obstacles and this foot position is more dynamically adjustable for me. Otherwise, when I hit something I tend to fall in. Same thing with poling. But I'd say that you should feel free to experiment.

Heck, if I wasn't into experimenting, would I have ever discovered flatwater race poling or standup canoeing in the first place? Let's give Laird Hamilton a run for it and get folks out there paddling around, standing, in their canoes!

(Jeff Potter is publisher of OutYourBackdoor.com promoting indie outdoor culture, adventure, and heritage since 1990, 1500+ articles online!)



A 1940s Kingsbury Canoe

By Linda Whiting and Dan Eaton

One of our friends is cleaning out her parents' camp and has this canoe for sale. Her father always referred to it as his Kingsbury. He apparently bought it used in the 1940s. He repainted the canoe but kept the original pattern and did not try to repaint the letters.

The canoe is 16' long and has problems shown in the photos. There are also cracks in the decks that look like they can be glued back together. I believe that the original stern seat was a wide thwart which has been replaced. There appears to be no rot at the tips and the cap ends look fine. The outside stems and keel are also fine. There are no obvious cracked or broken ribs and the planking seems OK except that there is some kind of patch way up under the stern deck, maybe a planking/rib problem but not visible on the exterior. We were not able to get the number as the stems are so far under the decks.

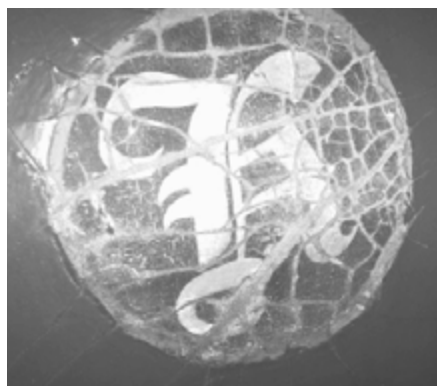
The asking price is \$2,950 or best offer. We are selling this as a favor to these friends and have the boat here in our barn for anyone to look at.

Linda Whiting and Dan Eaton, Small-boat Shop, 394 Hio Ridge Rd, Denmark, ME 04022, (207) 452-2687.



Bow deck hole.

Original lettering



Broken coaming.



Broken coaming port.

Cap and inwale rot.



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With seven weeks to complete six boats for launching, and the graduation of three apprentices and three interns pending, the Shop floor has been busy with construction his late fall. Apprentices were planking and doing interior work on the Buzzard's Bay 18 since she was flipped right side up. You can watch a video of the rolling here: <Flipping the 18' Buzzards Bay Sloop>. For these projects we've taken delivery of many board feet of northern and southern cedar as well as oak and mahogany for other structural pieces.

All of The Apprenticeshop boats and floats are out of the water now for the season, and I want to publicly thank the volunteers, the staff, and the apprentices who all made this hard work happen efficiently and safely. Nearly 20 floats and 40 boats, including those we store for clients, are tucked away for the season.

In addition to the programs for the two-year apprentices and the 12-week interns, the Shop is gearing up for workshops and demonstrations. We are in the process of coordi-

Skyler & Matt planking the Lawley.



Rockport Apprenticeshop Report

By Graham Walsh
(Rockport, Maine)

nating short Shop courses for 2011.

For information about internships, apprenticeships, upcoming workshops, as well as commission work and boats under construction that are for sale, email Graham Walsh, Shop Manager, at graham@apprenticeshop.org.

A Former Apprentice Speaks Out

"I came to the Apprenticeshop basically because I was running out of options. I found myself in college with a low GPA and lacking excitement for any major. I felt lost. Finally, I listened to my father's suggestion to take a look at The Apprenticeshop. There,

Planking the Frank Day rowboat.



I found something within myself; where I once worked at working around the system, at The Apprenticeshop I became part of the system. For the first time I began to want to work harder and perform better. At the Shop, I began to look differently at things, I began to see opportunities. I learned to create my own processes and apply them to anything."

Mike Norgang, Carpenter, Rockport Marine, Rockport Maine

Enduring Tools for the Hands of our Students

The hands-on learning experience, which is at the heart of The Apprenticeshop, forges tools such as tenacity, self-reliance, patience, and creativity; steadfast tools that endure. On the first day of an apprenticeship, a student cuts into a piece of wood; on the first day of a sailing class, a sailor is at the tiller. At The Apprenticeshop, students get their hands-on on day one, this experiential model of education has been making a difference and empowering our students for nearly 40 years.

Alex on the Buzzards Bay sloop.



Last summer I finished carving some lumberyard Douglas fir into masts for *Vika*, my cat ketch rigged sharpie. Trying to be traditional, I learned how to make "boat oil" to dress the spars. Ah, the aroma of turps and pine tar, now we're talking boat shop! It doesn't take long to tire of epoxy. The spars took on a golden luster and I was quite proud of my newbie efforts, even if they were only truly round in places. I wiped them down and secured the shop as I had to leave that afternoon for a two-day trip.



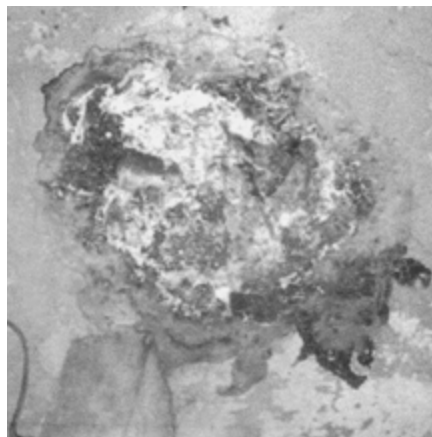
When I'm in the middle of project I enjoy I become almost obsessed (my wife would say not almost). *Vika* was nearing completion and I really wanted to get her launched before the temperatures dropped and local waters got hard. I couldn't wait to get back home and put the finishing touches on her.

The morning after I got back, I strolled down and opened the shop as usual. Something wasn't right. I walked around inspecting the boat and surroundings when I dis-

Fire in the Shop! A Cautionary Tale

By Steve Bookman
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

covered a strange mass of gray matter on the floor. Odd, that wasn't there when I left, and... wait, that's where the trash can used to be. Then it hit me, that was the trash can! What had been a heavy duty 30-gallon trash can was now a melted puddle of charred plastic. I quickly looked around and assessed the damage. The roof of the shop was covered in black soot and the nearby post was scorched,



but other than that I could find no other damage. I had been extremely lucky!

But how could this have happened? I recalled putting the rag I used to wipe down spars in the trash. Could just one rag ignite by itself? I'd always thought that it took a stack of rags to spontaneously combust, but here I had proof positive that just one could do it.

Later, I tried to recreate the conditions by putting oily rags in buckets of trash, of course they didn't even smolder. But I've done some studying since then and have found that while spontaneous combustion doesn't occur most of time, it occurs often enough to be a real threat. In one controlled study spontaneous combustion was achieved 5 out of 33 tries.

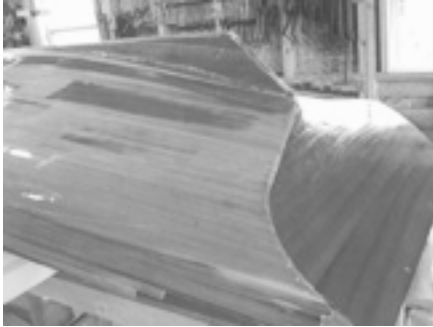
I've told everyone I knew about my folly, posted it on the internet, and now I'm passing it on to *MAIB* readers. I've gotten a lot feedback from others. Some were not so lucky, with boats and houses burnt down, even lives lost. Recently my wife got a call from her brother. While they were out having dinner they got a call that their house was on fire. He had been oiling his deck and left the rags to out to dry. When they got home their house was gone, but ironically the deck was still there. Luckily no one was injured and the house is now being rebuilt.

So a word to wise from someone who was very lucky, heed these warnings or read the ones on the back on the can, and treat all oily rags as if they are on fire. I now rinse them, hang them out to dry, and then place them in a sealed metal trash can. I still shudder when walking past the burnt mark on my workshop floor.

The Payne's Latest Melonseed

By Dave Lucas

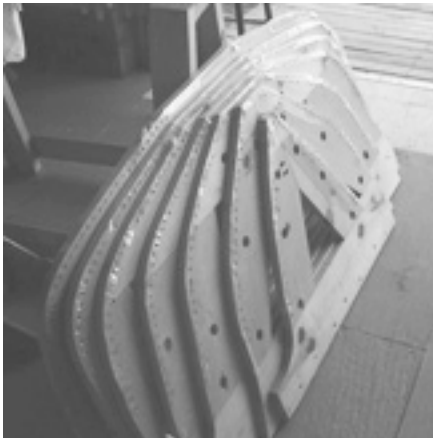
Here's a 13' melonseed that Rex and Kathie Payne are building. Their building technique is different and may be something I'll use. Notice that they didn't start at the sheer and add the strips up until they came together like usual. They somehow let the strips run wild up to the sheer and then cut them to fit. Is this a good way or are they nuts?



Skeg installed.



Off the molds.



Store until the next boat.



In the yard.



Planing the board for the sheer clamp.



Sheer clamp glued and nailed with silicon bronze.

Sheer trimmed.



Inner stem to stern.

Matched the strips but going to paint this one, would have looked good bright.



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I was determined not to let a summer slip by without getting out and playing a little. OK, I played a lot. After my shop burned last winter I was determined to create a new shop. I rebuilt the old building on its foundation. It became my storage building. My shop I was determined to move into my basement. I dabbled at this change all summer between canoeing, biking, and some sailing. I did as much of this stuff as the body allowed.

My old body was rejecting much of my canoeing as I had a hard time lifting my hands over shoulder height, this makes it very hard to load even one of my 40lb solo canoes. My rheumatologist started me at a physical therapist, That helped some but by early September I was getting desperate and went back to see him again. He realized that I needed help and a shot of cortisone in each shoulder fixed the problem. Within hours I felt like a new man. Now I felt more like doing the prescribed therapy and I also had the desire to get back to working on the shop.

With fall quickly approaching I had to get to it if it was ever going to happen. At the end of September the weatherman promised a week of clear dry weather and that was what I needed to remove and replace a large section of my basement wall. The section that went away had three double hung windows with a concrete beam over them. This looked strong enough to hold up the roof above so

Front of house before remodeling.



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In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

out came the windows. The basement was originally built with a 2"x12" on either side of these windows that continued down to the foundation. I think that the builder I bought from had intended to some day put a garage under the house.

The weather was still holding so out came a bunch of concrete blocks and I ended up with a 9'x7' opening. I didn't really want that large of a door in my new boat shop so I framed in two short walls

Windows removed, partition still in place at the back of the room.



that brought the opening down to 6' wide. I installed a roll-up door in this opening and my building was closed up again. I gave it a lot of thought before I ordered that door and decided that I really never wanted to own a boat that wouldn't fit through that opening so I now have a 6'x6' opening that I can move boats through.

The short wall sections were framed up with 2"x6"s and well insulated, but the roll-up door, I think, must have an R factor of about .005. There is one thin layer of steel between the shop and the cold Minnesota winter. That is not acceptable. Something had to be done to insulate this opening. I came up with the solution of two 3' wide panels that attach to the outside of the door. These panels are made from thin plywood and framed with 1"x2" pine that just fits into the opening. I cemented 2" layer foam to the inside. They are very light and I will be able to remove and store them when I want the door open.

By early November the weather had held so I finished this project and managed a couple of 20-mile bike rides and several trips to Lake Nokomis. With my leaves all raked up and the weather was still holding it was off to play some more. When the weather finally forces me indoors I will get the new shop into a more workable shape and start planning what my next boat will be. Boat building can become a real addiction.

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Roger “Keep It Simple” Crawford



What is it about guys named Roger? This Roger is owner and proprietor of Crawford Boat Building on the shores of Cape Cod Bay south of Boston. He has personally built and sold over 400 of his fiberglass hulled Melonseeds. If Melonseed ownership is a religion, Roger Crawford is High Priest. He's like the Steve Jobs of Melonseeds. For this reason, perhaps more than any other single person, he's responsible for creating a large following of people devoted to the boat and raised awareness of the virtues of the original design. His adherence to a few basic rules, fine workmanship, quality materials, and personal pride, have assured that he always has orders waiting. When you go to pick up your boat, he serves up a dose of his special Kool-Aid and, before you know it, you're swooning and drooling, followed by late night bouts composing long rhapsodic lyric poems in praise of this little vessel on the Melonheads website.

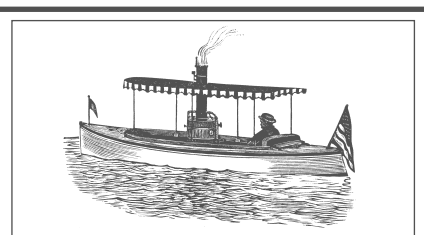
Originally Roger's boats came with daggerboards, but after a few years he tried a centerboard design that proved so popular he made that model standard and never switched back. Over the years he's tried tinkering with the original design in small ways and, except for the centerboard, came to the conclusion there was really nothing he could do to improve it. Whatever it is you want to do to “improve” a Melonseed, add lazyjacks, an extra cleat, fuzzy dice, a 50hp watercooled outboard, will often draw pained but polite expressions of concern from him.

He's a great source of knowledge and inspiration when you can pull him away from his work. A few years ago I was planning to be in Boston on business. I knew Roger's shop wasn't far away and called to ask if I could stop by. As if on cue, New England then got socked in by a ferocious winter storm that flooded streets along the coast and delayed all flights. I ended up running very late. Even so, Roger stayed at the shop long after closing to meet me when most other people would have just said, “Sorry, catch you next time.” When I finally arrived, he spent the better part of the evening chatting, sharing stories and giving me the full tour. It's that kind of personal touch that has made him so popular with the owners of his boats.

A Pretty Little Wooden Sloop

By Brian Salzano

A pretty little wooden sloop just showed up one day in my marina. No idea who the owner might be but it is such a lovely little craft I felt compelled to snap a few photos in order to share them with thereadership. Don't know anything about it or I would write a few words, but in this case I think the pictures by themselves are plenty. The name is hard to make out. It's the *Lark*.



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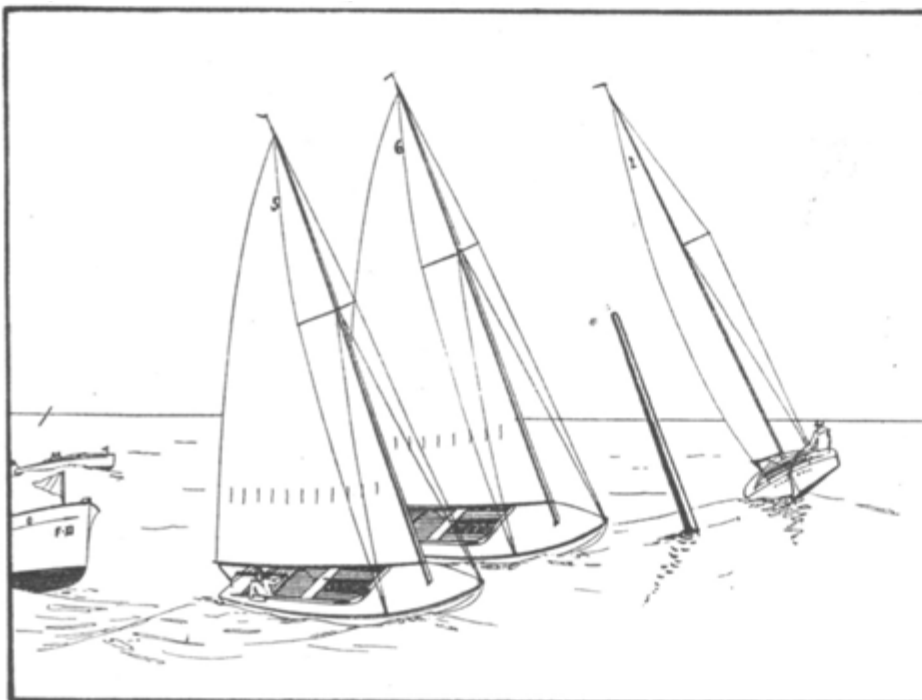
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The Sign of the Cat

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks
Other Photos & Illustrations from
Montgomery's "Time Capsule"...

There's a time capsule in a back corner of the boatbuilding portion of the big wooden shed in the Montgomery Boatyard on the Annisquam River in Gloucester, MA. Several years ago when I happened by, Herb Montgomery, then about 75, offered me the opportunity to see some of the old photos and half models that over 75 years of boatbuilding had accumulated. He unlocked a nearly hidden old interior door and switched on a bare overhead bulb, and here was the boatyard office of 1950 or so, the year the present building was built. The walls held faded old photos and lines drawings, shelves held half models, stacks of envelopes held more plans, and several filing cabinets were chock-a-block full of all the piled up paperwork

that Herb's father and he had collected while building wooden boats.

Out in the building shed, Herb's son, David, was at work on a long, fast looking wooden hull, it was to be an "I" boat, being built to fulfill one man's dream. None of the stuff in the time capsule was David's, he's still too young and too busy to have collected much. It's all from Herb and his father, Nicholas, and it goes back to World War I days.

The building doesn't go back that far, it was put up in 1950 and hasn't been touched since on the outside. Inside, one end has been closed off and lined with insulation, which doesn't cover up the huge beams, old spars from Gloucestermen of bygone times. A big wood stove keeps it warm enough in

winter for David to build. Out in the cold part are the nicer boats that Herb still stores for boatyard customers, while out in the yard is a mostly forlorn collection of tired old boats, mostly old powerboats of the lobsterboat type. Many are derelict, some have hopeful "For Sale" signs fading away on the bows, a few are obviously still in use in a very non-yachty condition.

The new building went up after World War II when the several times extended old shed ended its days. In that shed, everything from dories to 60' draggers had been built. Today, David builds both workaday lobsterboats for commercial lobstermen and fancy wooden classics for those few who have discovered this refugee yard from yesteryear. David's now 35, and

The Montgomery crew circa 1920 with Montycats all around, grandfather Nicholas is second from left, wearing open vest. The Montgomery crew today, David and Herb in the building shed.

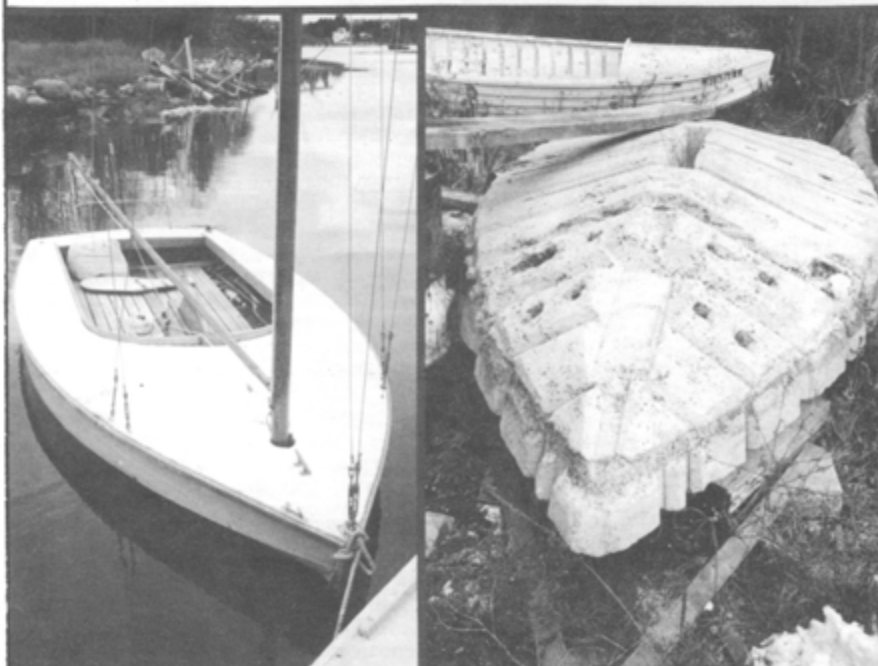
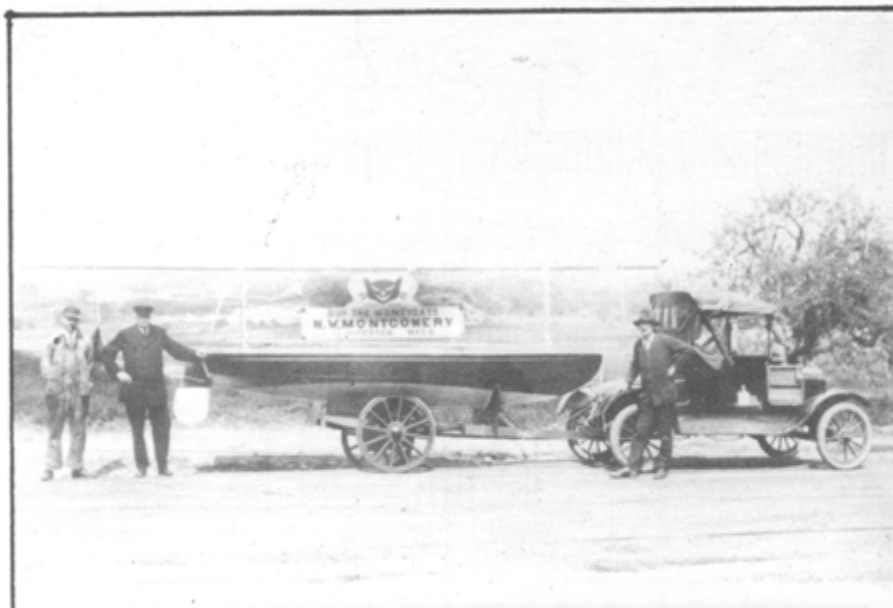


like his father, Herb, boatbuilding has been his only trade. He sort of drifted into it after a shot at art school didn't work out and now he not only works here, but also has his bachelor apartment in another one of those hidden backrooms.

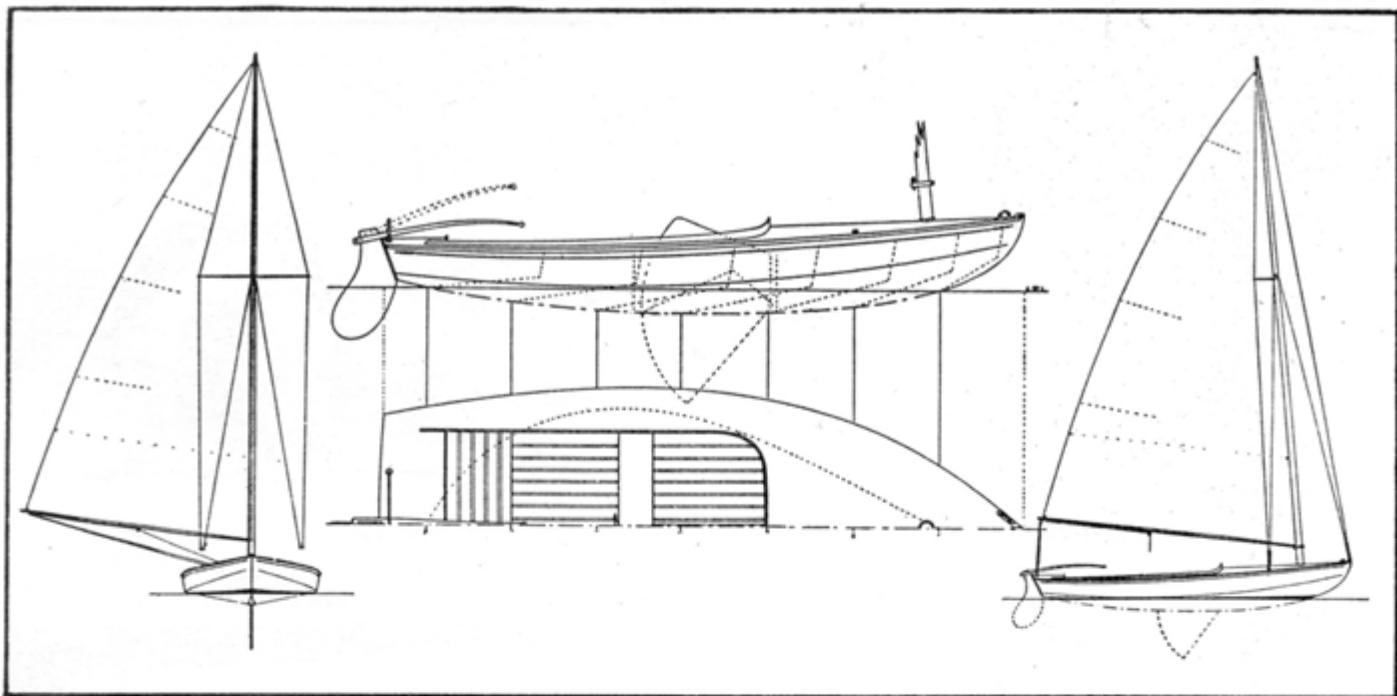
This past year David completed a small 25 foot (or so) Herreshoff yawl for a client, and now he's at work on a 100 year old design for another client, Jay Oker (see accompanying article). David works alone mostly, Herb runs the outdoor boatyard in summer and winters in Hawaii with a married daughter. Herb is, after all, now about 80, so a half a year in retirement doesn't seem too much to back off. The yard's the way it's always been because that's the way Herb wants it. Sometimes Ernie Tarr comes in to work with David on restoration projects, right now an old double ender said to have once been raced by the Eastern Yacht Club is undergoing Ernie's ministrations. Ernie once apprenticed to Herb a goodly while ago, so it's a familiar scene for him.

Nicholas Montgomery started it all back before World War I, he had trained as a carpenter, but his father had been a coastal schooner skipper so the carpentry led to boats. An early and enduring Montgomery design was the 15' Annisquam Catboat, called a Montycat by the designer and builder. Nicholas designed all the boats he built, sailing or fishing, large and small. And the Montycat design, a hard chine, shallow V-bottom marconi rigged centerboard cat became very popular with both the Annisquam and Eastern Yacht Clubs of Gloucester. Nicholas built a concrete building mold and soon had a crew of more than a dozen men at work taking a Montycat off the mold one every six hours at peak production.

After World War II the Montycats were no longer raced, supplanted by newer designs. But that concrete building mold is still there and David still builds a couple of the little cats each year to order. One he built for himself and on good days he'll ease out the shed door for an hour or two of sailing around on the Annisquam when the tide's right. Unlike the "traditional" New England cat rig, the Montycat has a tall marconi rig with a stayed mast, a very whippy hexagonal section pole 25' tall. And the beam of 5', 6" is a good deal less than half the 15' LOA, so the 2:1 ratio of the typical catboat is hardly met. Then there's that hard chine shallow V hull. It makes a flat, shallow boat, half decked, with floorboards to sit on when you're not out on the side deck holding her down. Still a lively performer for a design over 70 years old.



From the top: Selling the Montycat on the road, early trailerboating. Left, David's recently built personal boat. Right, the old concrete building mold still useable after 70 years. The Montgomery facilities today, untouched outside since 1950, still functional inside.



"I still build them just like my grandfather and father did," David has explained. He uses patterns from way back and some of his grandfather's original tools too. The boat is mostly made up of simple flat, straight planks with not too much twist up front, and all straight frames, a wide keel plank, and easy to fit trim and coamings. A "production" concept if ever there was one, a boat a crew could plank up in 6 hours as was claimed. Simple, quick to build, with spirited performance. "I have strong feelings about the continuity of all this when I build a Montycat on my grandfather's mold with his tools," David explains.

But, he survives in the boat-building business by building custom one-off boats to order, and after his first effort at round bottom construction, Jay Oker's Whitehall, turned out so nicely, he was on

his way. The 31' "I" boat he built in 1983 for Sam Sayce was a gem of fancy yacht work. It all started around the abandoned keel of an old "I" and an article about the boat in an old copy of RUDDER magazine. Sam has been delighted with his 1920 vintage racer and the gleaming bright finished yacht winters over amongst the tired old craft in the Montgomery yard.

David enjoys a close relationship with Phil Bolger, who lives just around the corner and who stores his personal boat at Montgomery's. It's an interesting relationship, for the young Phil Bolger used to come to the Montgomery yard and try out his design ideas on David's grandfather, Nicholas. Now David does some building of Bolger designs to test out their merits. Bolger drew up the construction plans for the boat David is building now for Jay Oker,

working from the 100 year old plates and specs from an old book of designs.

It was late November when I visited Montgomery's to see what this new boat of Jay's was all about. Herb was still around the yard, he hadn't left yet for his Hawaiian winter. David was working on Jay's boat. That afternoon they would be hauling out Sam Sayce's "I" boat. Down on the float David's Montycat was tied alongside a small powerboat of lobsterboat type, maybe about an 18 footer. "I just bought that one this fall for a sort of 'yard' boat," David explained, "paid \$1200 for her, nice little four cylinder inboard in her." It was a neat looking little workboat. "Interesting thing about her, my dad built her in 1950 for \$1200. Held her value pretty good over 35 years." It's part of that continuity that David mentioned.

Montcats lined up at the Annisquam Yacht Club docks circa 1920.



Betty Lives On

News of Her 11th Hour Rescue & Restoration

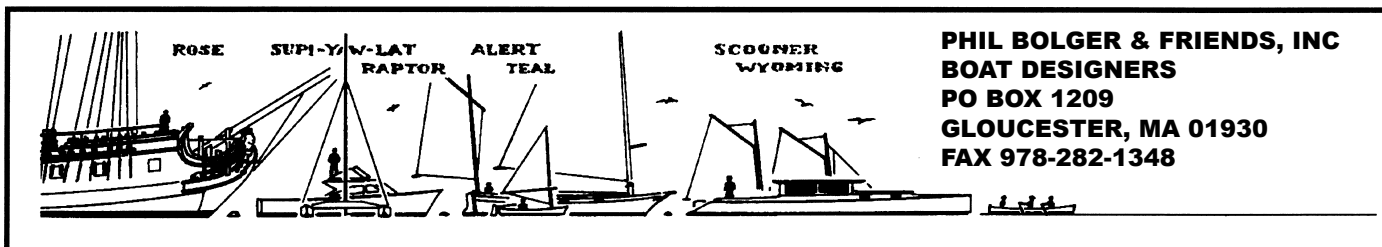
Reprinted from *Jib & Mizzen* #8,
The Journal of the Albert Strange Association

Betty, the 50'+ Albert Strange yacht which won the 1927 Fastnet Race, seems to have ended her chequered career abandoned in Brookings Harbor, Oregon, following many years as a long-line fishing vessel. We despaired anyone taking on her restoration and it seemed likely she would be broken up.

We have now heard from Manuel Lopez, an accomplished artist and former fisherman and boatwright, based right in Brookings, that he has stepped up to this challenge. Email correspondence from him and his wife Judy last winter (2008-09) reports that progress has been remarkable. Manuel reports the hull to be in a condition far better than expected. We'll follow the project with interest and some awe.

These photos are from Leslie Gonzalez, a good friend of the project, who chronicles the story at: <http://restoringthebetty.blogspot.com>.





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After much ruminating over alternative approaches, we've arrived at this medium weight 34-footer with our usual geometries plus a few more, all under the premise of, however defined, more or less unlimited cruising capability, far beyond the thinner-skinned AS-29 or LM2, for instance. She is, of course, different from anything in the market and a further development of what we've done so far but we think, given due open mind and intellectual digestion period, of broader appeal to people looking for a boat in that size, pointed aft-raking bow and all. There is obviously much detailing to be done. On the other hand, she is as capable as an integrated whole as we can (at this point in time) make any plywood long-distance cruiser under sail in that length class.

Discussion

Her overall appearance grew out of given sober ergonomic and functional requirements, geometrically arranged/integrated with each other within the given length of the four butt ply sheet length of around 32'. We tried for generous master-berth; adequate sea berth location on settees amidships (guest quarters here plus cockpit benches); basic galley and head function suitable for liveaboard use by one/two; stout home-buildable ply construction; defensible thermal performance for year round habitation in moderate climates such as coastal BC, Northern Europe, New Zealand, etc; an honest on-deck single-hand flat davit assisted launchable 8' dink/lifeboat with 6'6" light dink under; minimal to no casting of lead, plus limited SS-welding exercises, with 1" plate steel ballast; regular wooden masts and plywood spars.

We tried several functional and aesthetic alternatives but never quite got as much ergonomics/value in return as with this proposal. For instance, her counter-intuitively lower bow facilitates seeing what's ahead seated at the helm without constant uncertainty or periodic rubbernecking, also reducing the overall apparent bulk that is unavoidable in a boat as shallow and with as much interior volume and smoothed over on-deck dink, and still be justifiable underway with her high-volume but fine-lined cutwater supporting it better than any forward raking shippy high bow ever could.

All the mild curves, rakes, and their relationship to each other and to structural realities seem (to us!) to come together in an unexpected appearance that came to grow on us as we let her ferment. She would not be forgotten in any observer's mind any time soon, even without grasping the overall concept.

And while limited in overall size, we see no immediate limitation to her single/two-handed global reach apart from pack ice, dictatorships, sanity, pocketbook, etc. Her thermal character will be reasonably adequate with likely 2" of home improvement store hard-foam applied to inside of outside struc-

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"AS-34"

Design #676

This is a partial design going back a good number of years. Across multiple iterations it had progressed far enough to be given the Design #676. In the attempt to re-inspire consistent work output, we jumped back and forth between such projects only to produce more incomplete than completed plans before Phil's death. But the design of this medium-weight two-some cruiser remains coherent and awaits completion after a few other matters are taken care of. Here is a discussion of the final Preliminary Study.

(Preliminary) Specifications

Length on deck: 30'
 Length overall, bowsprit/boomkin retracted: 34'
 Length waterline: 30' (at rest)
 Beam overall: 10'6" plus rubrails
 Beam waterline: 9'6"
 Draft (hull): 1'8"
 Draft board down: 7'4"
 Displacement: 17,500lbs
 Sail Area: 870sf
 Rig Height over gaff peak: 49'5"
 Mast height bare: 37'6"
 Bridge clearance masts folded: 9'4"

tures for cruising boat-untypical R-values of 10+ for highly reduced condensation potential wintering in Amsterdam or wherever fun, work, health or money issues may hold you throughout a colder season; if desirable or just plain necessary, why not stay there aboard for a cold season. She will have summer and winter capable continuous ventilation for best air qualities/least allergic load from human breath/off' socks, etc. aboard. We're trying to make sure that within her overall length she should be not be just a fair weather friend!

Concise Listing of Attributes

(With tortured grammar thrown in for free)
 4 plywood sheet butt-to-butt length plus bow application and mizzen tabernacle.
 8'10" bottom width. Shallow draft (deep 20") along with no underwater through hulls to make her truly offshore/almost go anywhere capable.

Much greater displacement to allow carrying for structural strength, stiffness, and insulation value, a hull-structure twice+ that of AS-29 with 2" bottom and 1" topsides plus hard closed-cell insulation foam and hard interior-skin all around.

Reasonably unconvoluted integration of a mix of straight to moderately curved structural elements for good assembly progress with minimal temporary bracing structures, using mostly horizontally prefabricated and prefinished pieces to be combined in whatever necessary attitude with other pieces without too many unergonomic heart breaking sanding/finishing square yards overhead or upside down to slow you down every step of the way.

A ballast solution likely exclusively in the form of external full width and from at least bow/beaching-shoe to abaft midships of mild steel (or copper/bronze?) in smaller limited expansion/contraction segments, countersunk and through-bolted, bedded in 'flex-glob' (as the only through-hulls) of almost 100% guaranteed no-drip effect, (galvanizing optional as plain but thick steel takes a while to disappear), but with ample rock polishing impact-resistance protecting the 2" ply bottom plate laminate during shallow water exploration, regular drying out, and frequent beaching.

To match her weight, a smooth 4-cycle 50/60hp x 14x11" prop gasoline outboard power (Honda or Yamaha) for lower-rpm, high efficiency, low dB(A) cruising purr, with ample reserves to butt through adverse wind and current situations, and outside tankage (right now using two stock 27gal plastic tanks), with OB recessed on centerline ahead of transom plane for low pitch-out risk prop location, with access to prop/lower unit with limited risk to harnessed single-handed crew by standing on transom ladder.

Single off-center bilge board to port keeping most of interior layout free from board constraints, with leakproof pivot pin, removable for maintenance with on-board means while afloat through dedicated slot hatch under recessed dinghy storage area.

Underslung bottom sweeper rudder geometry (like AS-29 or LM2) but as twin rudders with wire connection to each other and the tiller offering ample but balanced end plated area (also for partial lateral plane duty), controlled by conventional symmetric on-centerline tiller geometry.

Chinese gaff yawl rig located to keep masts outside the cabin, with fully battened (quieter) mizzen for better at anchor behavior, all somewhat over-sparred to do without fourth+ sails and associated handling, on-deck acrobatics, and hardware, still offering a decent degree of sailing efficiency, all, except for setting and taking in of club jib, standing hip-high in forward hatch, controllable from the cockpit (!) while allowing her to be hung right on hopefully just about all courses for least cruising related sail/rudder-handling strains.

Heavy weather rig might be just sturdy jib and stout mizzen doing duty without main, for reaching/running, or heaving to with jib club sheeted to windward, plus motor-sailing in severe conditions.

Honest, safe, and readily useable deck storage of 2-person+ capable chunky 8'x4' dinghy/sailing/motoring lifeboat (#663 Fast Brick) assisted with hinge davits to allow deployment and retrieval via light tackle to mainmast on her port side (only). Note #363 Tortoise nesting under #663.

Layout with standing headroom throughout just about wherever you can stand, with only the front of the master berth requiring ducking to 5' during the dive onto the mattress and the head forward offering about 6'2" under the hatch only, again a decent compromise it seems.

Sitting headroom on port settee under dinghy storage box plus full headroom over starboard settees and passage forward adequate for casual low no rubbernecking view out the windows (with the option of raising both settees to add to storage volume under at the cost of dangling legs, (not unpleasant) assisted by footbar under drop-leaf table).

Master berth headroom is divided as a compromise between ergonomics requirements in the cockpit above and on the mattress below.

Passage aft to master berth both sides of companionway ladder (short shower curtain to protect mattress against driving rain from abaft).

Galley ahead of cockpit and master berth off companionway ladder for ready crew access to food, sink etc. under sail, plus wet locker location, with galley surface area

adequate for choreographed 1+1 culinary exercises, with icebox, sink, dresser volume and near centerline stove facing aft, but in otherwise less useable volumes near by also holding (likely) 60gals of fresh and 60gals of grey water tankage for least plumbing and volume losses.

20'+ open interior length between head door and transom, with 1/2" polycarbonate window band offering light and various perspectives to scan good portions of the outside world at a glance.

Head forward in bow but wide enough on 5'+ average arm beam on 3'5" fore-and-aft length to keep claustrophobia at minimum helped by eye level ports on both sides, plus big hatch, doubling as usual belowdeck passage access to mainmast and anchor gear for safe hip-high, mainmast, jib, and anchor management forward. Porta-potti tank would be dumped into holding tank amidships, with sink drain and shower dump gravity draining or pumped into same tank.

Stowage drawer under master berth, plus shelving, and personal bins both sides of mattress, with no-spill bookshelves aft, plus most likely additional vent hatch right into footwell.

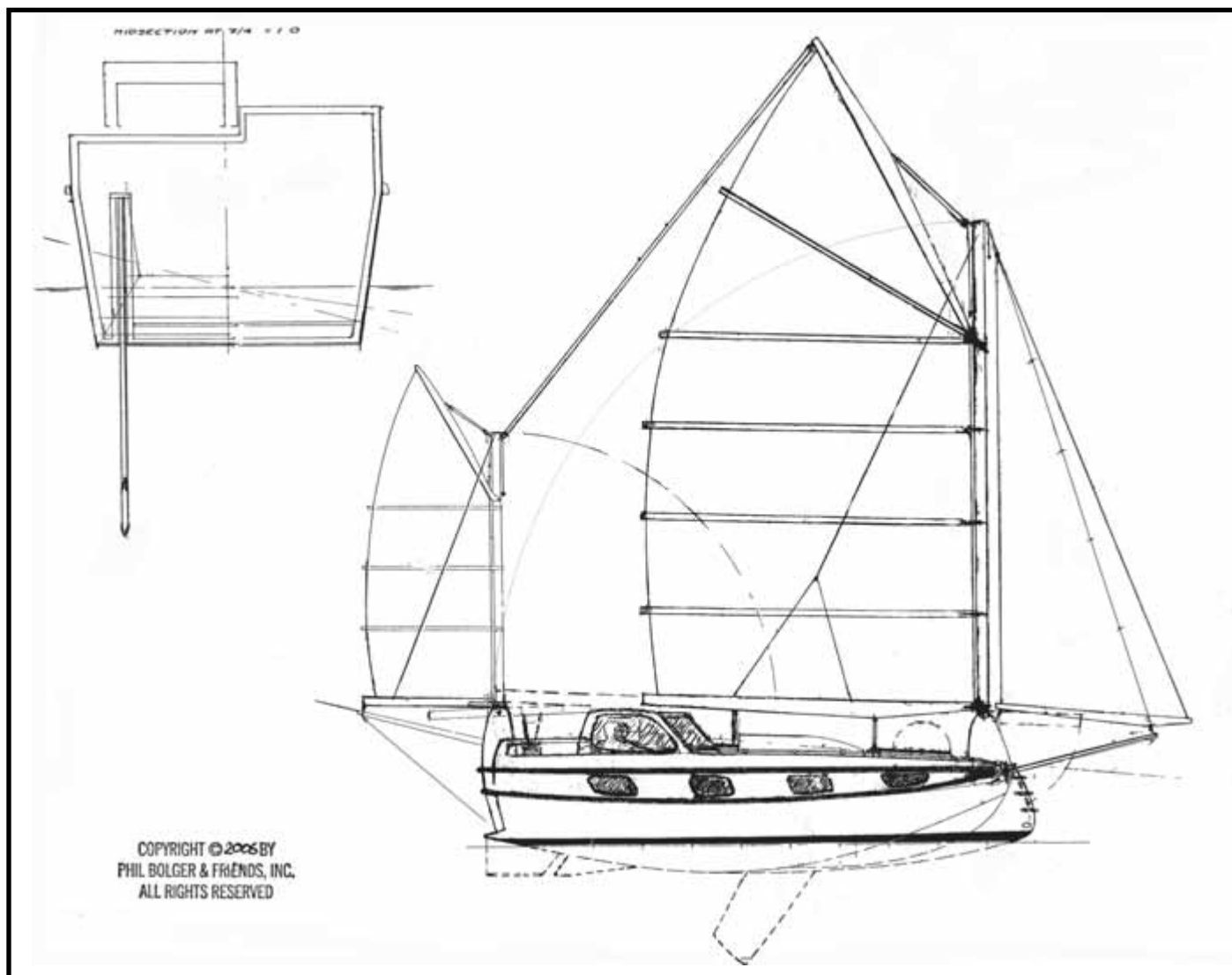
Cockpit benches of 8'+ length for in-port socializing or stretching out while running, or as 2 additional areas to sleep occasional guests either under added canvas or just the open night sky.

Solid no-afterthought house over companionway and forward half of cockpit for serious protection against rain or shine under sail or power using hard transparency, high enough for longer term habitation at the helm with 360 degree view to certain angles of heel, allowing dry location of navigation and engine instruments, with centerline overhead hatch adding to standing room cockpit length, and no-step area on top for solar panels, plus centerline hatch forward for cool wind flowing through it.

Mizzen tabernacle looks impressive but is ply-sheet lamination into stout structure to carry, pivot, and lock mizzen mast, plus manage its mainsheets related stresses, and still allow good access to motor below and passage of on-centerline straight tiller assembly of twin rudders into cockpit.

Both mizzen and main tabernacles will feature off-perpendicular pivot axes to allow \$65 worm-gear winch controlled folding of both masts toward and then past each other to rest on fenders on doghouse, keeping everything more or less within her overall length in marinas, locks, on-land/in-shed storage, plus the obvious virtue of on-deck masthead work, and she'll even fit under most of the notoriously low French canal-system bridges and tunnels.

Her distinct bow silhouette is in good part style but offers built-in beaching bow ladder geometry and is certainly more ratio-



nal than conventional styles, as here the buoyancy of her cutwater bow in wave encounters will lift the hull earlier with a significant (unrivalled) volume on finer waterline, still without compromising the 4-ply sheet dictate, as it is entirely independent of one-piece bottom plate and topsides length limitations, allowing her nose profile without ply dimension based penalty, except for those traditionalist's aesthetic hangups who might choose to ignore the precedent of various Cape Cod catboats' bow profiles amongst others (and yes those steps will spit at each other with the bow sawing...).

Her pronounced catheads are as wide (off centerline) as they are in order to facilitate at moment's notice applying of brakes by bow damage-free dropping (triggered from cockpit) and retrieval of serious ground tackle (50lbs CQRs/DELTA shown), and grow smoothly and very stoutly out of her

raised deck panel, offering bow spray suppression, and conveniently enlarge the walkable area around and ahead of the mainmast and tabernacle cluster.

The mainmast foot swings out and up (hanging off meaty winch in head) with a vertically hinged bow profile fairings, but without possibility of counterweighing mast.

Her chain locker is proposed on her starboard stern quarters to get that weight out of her bow, note the two-speed anchor winch operated facing aft.

Finally her midsection of slight topsides flare and plumb raised deck sides is a minor aesthetic concession (how defensible for purist Bolger impulses??) to somewhat get away (for the moment) from the slab-sided look of MJ, AS-29, LM2, Sir Joseph Banks, etc. ("been there, done that"), also yielding (excuse?) minor advantages here in terms of subjective and actual elbow room on stock 8'

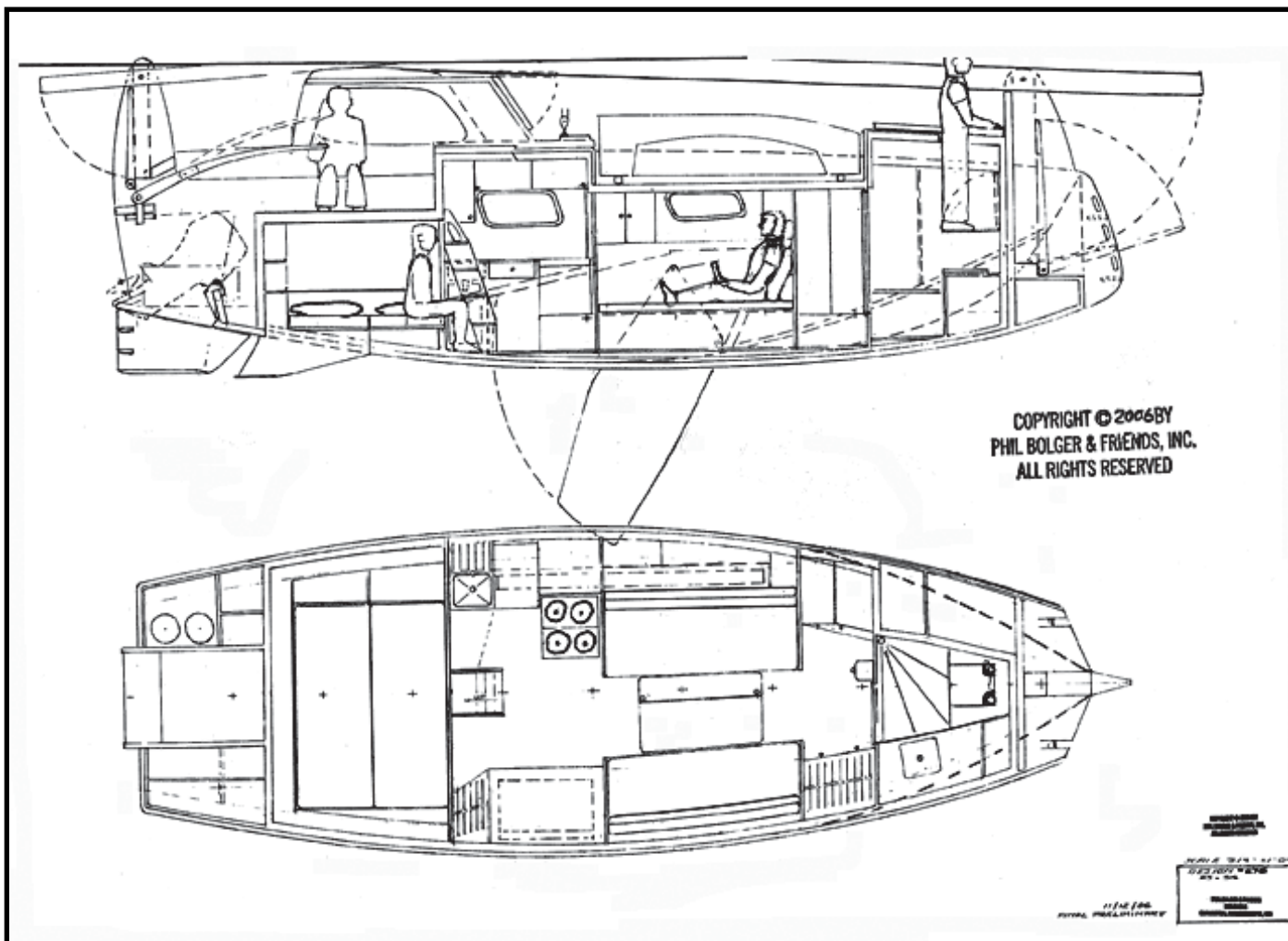
bottom plate, minor heeled stability gains (on 8' plate width!), all without major penalty for overland transport at still manageable road width (though with permits necessary), leaving containership transport an option on top of the pile.

She'd likely be gasoline and propane-based, with the latter for cooking and heating, plus sizable industrial deep-cycle batteries for longer periods between dedicated deep charging sessions in bi-weekly marina visits appealing anyway for endless shower, laundry, mailings, re-provisioning, etc.

We'll try hard to make her highly sink-resistant, but can't promise it quite yet...

Yes, the bow profile can be altered if found intolerable.

No completed plans are as yet available for #676. Her 39'x10'x22,500lbs sister ship (#667) is further along in her design progress and will be discussed soon.



From the Internet

Increasingly readers have been sharing with us items of interest they have come across in their internet surfing. The only way to fully appreciate these is to go online and enter the URLs. So, here are a few to start. We will carry on with these as circumstances provide in upcoming issues.

From Steve Bookman: Interesting Boat Concept: <http://www.designboom.com/weblog/cat/10/view/11980/julien-berthier-love-love.html>

From Hugh Ware: New Zealand Ferry Action: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hk1Ld820uNg>

From Greg Burns: Navy's New Pirate Catcher: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Independence_%28LCS-2%29

I have written in the past about being the race committee for the local sailboat racing fleet. Most of the time, we go out on the water, we set the start/finish line, we fly the flags, we take down the finish times, and we go back to the dock. A nice "day on the bay," so to speak. Sometimes it is a little different.

A recent instance was a race at which my wife and I were the committee for a fleet that has a time limit in the race instructions. The time limit was set due to experience with wind, no wind, wind, no wind, and/or flat calm. If none of the participants had finished the race within two-and-a-half hours after the start of the race (a distance of five miles in this case), the committee was instructed to abandon the race. Seven boats started the race and four dropped out for a variety of reasons, and then the wind dropped. The three remaining boats were within a stone's throw of the weather mark in the third leg of the course when the time expired and we informed them (by VHF) that we were declaring the race abandoned. Of course, the wind started to build as soon as we had declared the race abandoned and the three boats continued sailing and all completed the course within 45 minutes after the time limit. Then the wind died again. Such is the life of the race committee and the racing sailor.

While we may not realize it, a lot of our boating activities follow written and unwritten rules. When your boat is swamped, you get very wet is one of the obvious rules, unless you are like the Bahamian skipper who climbed to the top of the tuna tower on his boat when it sank and was "high and dry" when the rescuers came alongside.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

When you run out of fuel or have engine trouble, the boat stops is another of those rules, unless you are a US Navy submarine that "sailed" back toward Hawaii using the extended periscope for a mast and bedsheets for sails.

If your boat is swept ashore by a storm you probably will need a crane to get it back into the water unless a nearby timber company will come in, build a short rail line, jack the boat up onto log cars, and move it back to the water like was done with a vessel that was washed ashore on the West Coast in a storm.

And if you fail to put in the drain plug before launching the boat, it will start filling with water.

Another rule that always seems to hold true is that there is never enough room for two hoses to fit through a bulkhead on a boat. Our Sisu 26 is for sale and I am working on fixing all those things on the "to do" list. One of the jobs is to run a new hose from the bilge pump to the output fitting in the hull. Of course, I need to completely remove the existing hose before I can run the new hose. And the hole in the bulkhead, which is just large enough for the existing hose (and where the replacement will run), is in about as inaccessible location as can

be imagined. My current thought is to attach the new hose to the existing hose and carefully pull the existing hose out while threading the new hose through. The idea works for wiring, so it should work with the hose. Of course, I will not know until I try, and if the hoses come apart along the way, the new hose will be partway there.

Along the way on the bilge hose project, I found that the two bilge pumps I have use different size output hoses. One is a Rule 1000 (installed in the boat) which uses a 1" ID hose and the other is a Rule 600 (the spare) which uses a 3/4" ID hose. I had not realized the hose size difference until now. Here I have been, happy to have a spare if needed only to find that the hose in the boat would not fit properly on the spare pump. Although one can "increase" the diameter of a hose fitting by wrapping a lot of tape around it, such an action is not a good idea for other than a very short term solution.

On a sad note, a neighbor's sailboat has sunk for the second time. Since there are no obvious holes in the hull and the through-hull fittings are secure, a remaining consideration is the rubber washers around the centerboard pin. Most sailboats with centerboards have a way to access the pin, which is usually a stainless steel bolt with metal and rubber washers. After a while, the rubber gets old and may not do the job of keeping the water out. Since the boat has not been away from the dock for at least two years, fittings may have froze or disintegrated. If the boat can be hauled out perhaps the cause of the hull filling with water may be found. Have you checked your centerboard fittings lately?



Everyone wanted a go at the Electric Boat Show in Norfolk.

The Experience

Winsome is our new 17' pedal powered launch. This unique boat offers a fun, relaxing and eco-friendly way to explore rivers, canals, city docklands and estuaries. The crew sit opposite one another with their hands free so they can chat, sip their champagne (or flask of soup in winter), take photographs, or simply watch the world glide by. Because of her sleek design, Winsome cruises effortlessly at a leisurely 4mph leaving only minimal wake, but she can achieve 6-7mph if her crew are more energetically inclined!

Our small, but growing, fleet of Winsomes have now been cruised several hundred miles exploring the Welsh canals, Thames, Severn, Lake Windermere, and the Norfolk Broads. Boaters and non-boaters alike tell us they find the experience compelling, enjoying either an afternoon's leisurely pedaling in the sun, a short evening trip to the local pub, or a longer cruise staying overnight in a riverside B&B.

Winsome The Pedal Launch

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Length: 5.3m (17'6"),
Beam: 1.1 m (3'7")
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Performance

The boat is moulded in double-skinned glass fibre for optimum strength, stiffness, and weight. The crew sit facing each other and pedal the boat via a central gearbox where patent nylon gears drive a 12" propeller at about 300rpm. The boat is steered using a fingertip tiller connected to a balanced rudder. She turns happily in a river, reverses well and, with a bit of practice, can execute neat three-point turns in narrow canals.



The view from the steering position.

Winsome's sleek hull is flat bottomed for stability and minimal wake and cuts effortlessly through the water with minimal disturbance. A reasonably active crew can easily cover 10 to 20 miles in a day with considerable less effort than walking the same distance. She has substantial buoyancy chambers fore and aft as well as a forward water ballast tank to trim the boat for one-person operation or significantly uneven crew weight.

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Portability

The boat is designed to be stripped quickly and easily of seats, gearbox, pedals, rudder and propeller and can then be manhandled by two people onto a trailer or side loading roof rack on an estate car. Fully laden, she can be launched down a slipway, beach or over a canal bank with the aid of a fold-up dolly which can be carried inside the boat.

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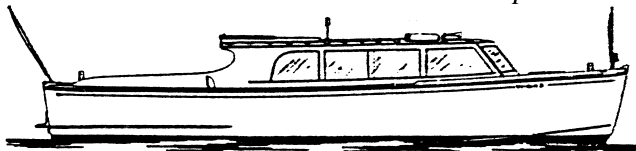
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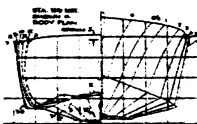
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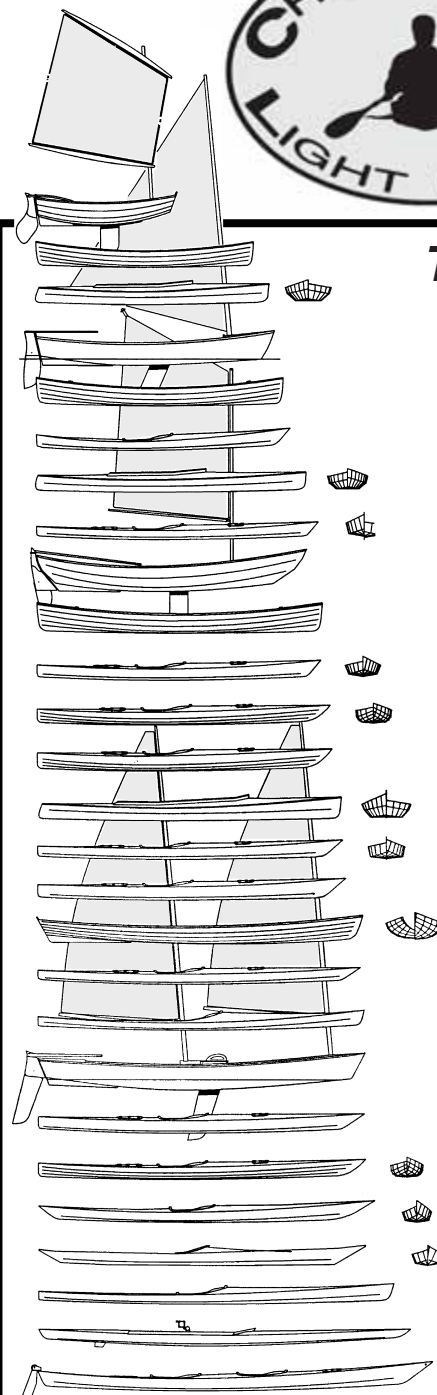
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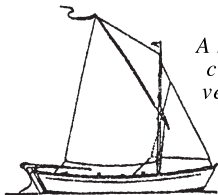
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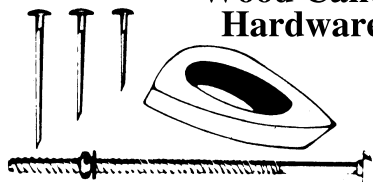
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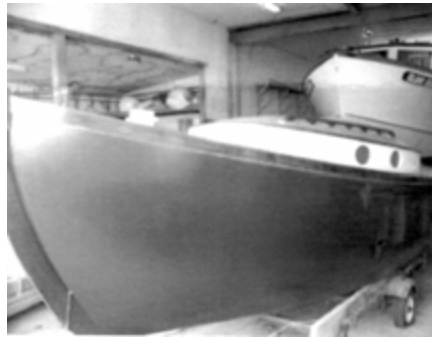
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Drascombe Lugger, 18'9", '87 fg yawl rigged open boat built in England, vy gd cond w/trlr, 5hp Honda 4-stroke long shaft ob, oars, 2 sets of sails (one of them brand new) & other extras. Drascombe boats have a history of several ocean voyages. Located in northern California. \$6,500.
PETER SCHWIERZKE, Somerset, CA, (530) 626-8647, peter@klepperwest.com (1)

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DONALD MAHARAM, FL, (561) 622-0639 (Boat is in East Hampton, New York) (1)

Eastport Pram, 8' sailing dinghy. Built from Chesapeake Light Craft kit. Made of okume plywood using LapStitch construction. Finished bright. Standing lug rig. 2 rowing stations. Asking \$1,200.
DAVE MARTIN, Sacramento, CA, (916) 712-9898, davemartin.sac@gmail.com (1)

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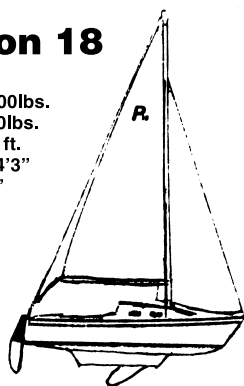
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